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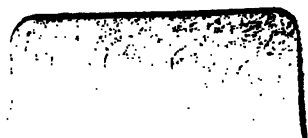
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See also Report of Annual Meeting, at the end of Sir Thomas More.

June, 1844.

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THE OLD
TAMING OF A SHREW,

UPON WHICH SHAKESPEARE FOUNDED
HIS COMEDY,

REPRINTED FROM THE EDITION OF 1594,
AND COLLATED WITH THE SUBSEQUENT EDITIONS OF
1596 AND 1607.

EDITED BY
THOMAS AMYOT, ESQ.,
F.R.S., TREAS. S.A.



LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.

1844.



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INTRODUCTION.

Having undertaken, with the concurrence of the Council of the Shakespeare Society, to prepare for the press a reprint of the old Play of "The Taming of a Shrew," on which Shakespeare founded his lively and popular Comedy of "The Taming of *the* Shrew," my desire has been to give, with scrupulous accuracy, the texts of the three earliest editions, published in 1594, 1596, and 1607. As these are all of the greatest rarity, there being but one copy known to be preserved of the first and second, and only three copies of the last of these editions, it seems desirable that a concise notice of each should be given, adverting to the circumstances which placed them in my hands.

The unique copy of the first edition, with the date of 1594, is the property of the Duke of Devonshire, for whom it was purchased at the sale of Mr. Heber's library in 1834, at no less a price than £97. Great as was its pecuniary and intrinsic value, increased no doubt

by its extraordinarily fine condition, his Grace most obligingly permitted it to remain in my hands for an indefinite period, in order that it might be transcribed for the press, and collated with the proof-sheets. To this favour his Grace added a further obligation, in allowing a fac-simile of the original title-page to be made on stone, which has been performed with the greatest care and fidelity by Mr. Netherclift. The head and tail-pieces have also been faithfully copied from accurate tracings, and executed on wood.

For the use of the copy of the second edition, printed in 1596, also unique, a debt of obligation is justly due to Lord Francis Egerton, in whose rich dramatic library it had long been deposited. His lordship most liberally and kindly permitted it to be used for the purpose of collating its text with those of the editions of 1594 and 1607. For the loan of the edition of 1607, thanks must again be rendered to the Duke of Devonshire, who became possessed of it in one of the very numerous volumes of Old Plays collected by the late distinguished ornament of the stage, John Philip Kemble, the whole assemblage, with many subsequent and most important additions, being now in his Grace's library. It appears that Pope had seen the copy of the edition of 1594: before that of 1607 passed into the hands of Mr. Kemble, it was the property of George Steevens, who, in 1779, reprinted it in his collection of "Six Old Plays," on which Shakespeare had founded six. After Steevens's death the copy produced £20 at the sale of his library in 1800, it being then erroneously stated in the catalogue to be the *first* edition.

Of the use which Shakespeare, in his "Taming of *the Shrew*," made of this play, as well as of its "Induction," it is not necessary to advert at any length. The texts, both of the old plays and of the "Induction," are but faint outlines, which by his hands were embodied and enriched. To him, indeed, with reference to this and to many others of his plays, may be justly applied the praise which Johnson bestowed on Goldsmith, in his well-known epitaph, "*Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.*" Conjectures would now be hopeless as to the name of the author of the old play: all that is at present known on this subject will be found in Mr. Collier's Introduction to Shakespeare's Comedy, in his recent and valuable edition of the Works of Shakespeare.¹ The silence of Meres in 1598 seems conclusively to prove that "The Taming of *the Shrew*" was not then in existence. On the other hand, as Mr. Collier mentions, "The Taming of *a Shrew*" was spoken of by Sir John Harington, in 1596, and had been several times entered on the Registers of the Stationers' Company, the first entry bearing date on the 2nd of May, 1594, just prior to the appearance of the edition from which the following reprint has been made. There can hardly be a reasonable doubt of the disappearance of the old play from the stage, after Shakespeare's had been acted and printed. That the latter became a popular performance seems equally certain; yet, so far as the records of the stage are to be relied on, it had not been acted from the restoration of the stage in 1660, till the present year, 1844. So far, in-

¹ Shakespeare's Works, published by Whittaker and Co., vol. iii., page 103.

deed, as the plot relates to Katherine and Petruchio, the afterpiece bearing that title, adapted to the stage by Garrick, and placed on it by him at Drury Lane in 1754, served as an amusing substitute for Shakespeare's Comedy during ninety years, the two principal characters, male and female, being always coveted by popular and distinguished performers. An attempt was however made, in 1828, at Drury Lane Theatre, to restore the double plots to the stage in the form of an Opera, written by Reynolds: it was played but four nights; and it remained for the present lessee of the Haymarket Theatre to bring before the public, in March last, Shakespeare's Comedy with its genuine text. A very valuable member of the Council of the Shakespeare Society, Mr. Planché, was principally instrumental in this revival, in the form in which it was conceived to have been exhibited at the Globe or Blackfriars' Theatre in the lifetime of its author. The scene was not changed during the whole performance, and the characters in the "Induction," the Lord, his Page, and Christopher Sly, remained on the stage as audience. The play proved successful, and, being frequently repeated, was understood to have remunerated the lessee for his novel undertaking.

At the suggestion of my friend Mr. Collier, our Director, to whom, indeed, my obligations are due for some of the information I have already given, I now thank him for suggesting, as an Appendix, the republication of an old humorous poem, long considered to be connected with the principal plot of Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew," to which, in general points, it certainly has a strong resemblance. The quaint title it

bears is, "A Merry Jest of a Shrewd and Curst Wife lapped in Morel's Skin." It is, indeed, already known to the readers of old English popular literature, from its having been reprinted in my friend Mr. Utterson's "Pieces of Early Poetry," its accomplished editor willingly assenting to this republication. As Mr. Collier has kindly prepared a separate Introduction to the Poem, and has also superintended the printing of the text, I am glad to leave it in his hands, hoping that its readers will make due allowances for the style and character of the period in which it was written.

T. A.

November, 1844.

Since the above Introduction was written, I have, through the kindness of Mr. Tomlins, the Secretary of the Shakespeare Society, received a communication addressed to him, which, with the writer's consent, will probably appear in the next volume of the Shakespeare Society's Papers, containing apparently the original story on which the Inductions of "The Taming of a Shrew" and of "The Taming of the Shrew" were founded. As the discovery has been made since the ensuing play was printed, and has not yet been reported to the Council of the Society, I do not feel myself warranted in anticipating the contents of the writer's communication.

A
Pleasant Conceited

Historie, called The taming
of a Shrew.

As it was fundry times acted by the
Right honorable the Earle of
Pembrook his seruants.



Printed at London by Peter Short and
are to be sold by Cutbert Burbie, at his
shop at the Royall Exchange.

1594.



A PLEASANT CONCEITED HISTORIE,

CALLED

THE TAMING OF A SHREW.

Enter a Tapster, beating out of his doores *Slie Droonken*.

Tapster.

You whorson droonken slaue, you had best be gone,
And empty your droonken panch some where else
For in this house thou shalt not rest to night.

Exit Tapster.

Slie. Tilly, vally, by crisee Tapster Ile fese you anon.
Fils the tother pot and alls paid for, looke you
I doo drinke it of mine owne Instegation, *Omne bene*
Heere Ile lie awhile, why Tapster I say,
Fils a fresh cushen heere.
Heigh ho, heers good warme lying.

He fals asleepe.

Enter a Noble man and his men from hunting.

Lord. Now that the gloomie shaddow of the night,
Longing to view Orions drisling lookes,
Leapes from th' antarticke world vnto the skie,
And dims the Welkin with her pitchie breath,
And darkesome night oreshades the christall heauens,

Here breake we off our hunting for to night;
 Cupple vppe the hounds and let vs hie vs home,
 And bid the huntsman see them meated well,
 For they haue all deseru'd it well to daie,
 But soft, what sleepeie fellow is this lies heere?
 Or is he dead, see one what he dooth lacke?

Seruingman. My lord, tis nothing but a drunken
 sleepe,

His head is too heaueie for his bodie,
 And he hath drunke so much that he can go no further.

Lord. Fie, how the slauish villaine stinkes of drinke.
 Ho, sirha arise. What so sound asleepe?
 Go take him vppe and beare him to my house,
 And beare him easilie for feare he wake,
 And in my fairest chamber make a fire,
 And set a sumptuous banquet on the boord,
 And put my richest garmentes on his backe,
 Then set him at the Table in a chaire:
 When that is doone against he shall awake,
 Let heauenlie musicke play about him still,
 Go two of you awaie and beare him hence,
 And then Ile tell you what I haue deuise,
 But see in any case you wake him not.

Exeunt two with Slye.

Now take my cloake and gyue me one of yours,
 Al fellowes now, and see you take me so,
 For we will waite vpon this droonken man,
 To see his countnance when he dooth awake
 And finde him selfe clothed in such attire,
 With heauenlie musicke sounding in his eares,
 And such a banquet set before his eies,
 The fellow sure will thinke he is in heauen,
 But we will be¹ about him when he wakes,

¹ "be" is omitted in editions 1596 and 1607.

And see you call him Lord, at euerie word,
 And offer thou him his horse to ride abroad,
 And thou his hawkes and houndes to hunt the deere,
 And I will aske what sutes he meanes to weare,
 And what so ere he saith, see you doo not laugh,
 But still perswade him that he is a Lord.

Enter one.

Mes. And it please your honour your plaiers be com
 And doo attend your honours pleasure here.

Lord. The fittest time they could haue chosen out,
 Bid one or two of them come hither straight,
 Now will I fit my selfe accordinglie,
 For they shall play to him when he awakes.

Enter two of the players with packs at their backs, and
 a boy.

Now sirs, what store of plaies haue you ?

San. Marrie my lord you maie haue a Tragical
 Or a comoditie, or what you will.

The other. A Comedie thou shouldst say, souns thout shame
 vs all.

Lord. And whats the name of your Comedie ?

San. Marrie my lord tis calde The taming of a shrew
 Tis a good lesson for vs my lord, for vs y^t are married men.

Lord. The taming of a shrew, thats excellent sure,
 Go see that you make you readie straight,
 For you must play before a lord to night,
 Say you are his men and I your fellow,
 Hees something foolish, but what so ere he saes,
 See that you be not dasht out of countenance.
 And sirha go you make you ready straight,
 And dresse your selfe like some louelie ladie,
 And when I call see that you come to me,
 For I will say to him thou art his wife,

Dallie with him and hug him in thine armes,
 And if he desire to goe to bed with thee,
 Then faine some scuse and say thou wilt anon.
 Be gone I say, and see thou doost it well.

Boy. Feare not my Lord, Ile dandell him well enough
 And make him thinke I loue him mightilie.

Ex. boy.

Lord. Now sirs go you and make you ready to,
 For you must play assoone as he dooth wake.

San. O braue, sirha Tom, we must play before
 A foolish Lord, come lets go make us ready,
 Go get a dishclout to make cleane your shooes,
 And Ile speake for the properties, My Lord, we must
 Haue a shoulder of mutton for a propertie,
 And a little vinegre to make our Diuell rore.

Lord. Very well : sirha see that they want nothing.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter two with a table and a banquet on it, and two other
 with *Slie* asleepe in a chaire, richlie apparelled, and the
 musicke plaieng.

One. So : sirha now go call my Lord,
 And tel him that all things is¹ ready as he wild it.

Another. Set thou some wine vpon the boord
 And then Ile go fetch my Lord presentlie.

Exit.

Enter the Lord and his men.

Lord. How now, what is all thinges readie ?

One. I² my Lord.

Lord. Then sound the musick, and Ile wake him straight,
 And see you doo as earst I gaue in charge.

My lord, My lord, he sleepes soundlie : My Lord.

Slie. Tapster, gis a little small ale. Heigh ho.

¹ "are" in edition 1607.

² "Yea" in edition 1607.

Lord. Heers wine my lord, the purest of the grape.

Slie. For which Lord?

Lord. For your honour my Lord.

Slie. Who I, am I a Lord? Jesus what fine apparell haue I got.

Lord. More richer farre your honour hath to weare,
And if it please you I will fetch them straight.

Wil. And if your honour please to ride abroad,
He fetch you¹ lustie steedes more swift of pace
Then winged *Pegasus* in all his pride,
That ran so swiftlie ouer the² *Persian* plaines.

Tom. And if your honour please to hunt the deere,
Your hounds stands readie cuppeld at the doore.
Who in running will oretake the Row,
And make the long breathde Tygre broken winded.

Slie. By the masse I thinke I am a Lord indeed,
Whats thy name?

Lord. *Simon* and³ it please your honour.

Slie. *Simon*, thats as much to say *Simion* or *Simon*
Put foorth thy hand and fill the pot.

Give me thy hand, *Sim* am I a lord indeed?

Lord. I my gracious Lord, and your louelie ladie
Long time hath moorned for your absence heere,
And now with ioy behold where she dooth come
To gratulate your honours safe returne.

Enter the boy in Womans attire.

Slie. Sim. Is this she?

Lord. I my Lord.

Slie. Masse tis a prettie wench, whats her name?

Boy. Oh that my louelie Lord would once vouchsafe
To looke on me, and leaue these frantike fits,
Or were I now but halfe so eloquent,

¹ "your." Edition 1607.

² "the" is omitted in editions 1596 and 1607.

³ and "if" it please your honour. Editions 1596 and 1607.

To paint in words what ile performe in deedes,
I know your honour then would pittie me.

Slie. Harke you mistrese, will you eat a peece of bread,
Come sit downe on my knee, *Sim* drinke to hir *Sim*,
For she and I will go to bed anon.

Lord. May it please you, your honors plaiers be come ;
To offer your honour a plaie.

Slie. A plaie *Sim*, O braue, be they my plaiers ?

Lord. I my Lord.

Slie. Is there not a foole in the plaie ?

Lord. Yes my lord.

Slie. When wil they plaie *Sim* ?

Lord. Euen when it please your honor, they be readie.

Boy. My lord Ile go bid them begin their plaie.

Slie. Doo, but looke that you come againe.

Boy. I warrant you, my lord, I will not leaue you thus.

Exit boy.

Slie. Come *Sim*, where be the plaiers ? *Sim* stand by me and
weele flout the plaiers out of their cotes.

Lord. Ile cal them my lord. Hoe where are you there ?

Sound Trumpets.

Enter two yoong Gentlemen, and a man and a boie.

Pol. Welcome to *Athens* my beloued friend,
To *Platoes* schooles and *Aristotles* walkes,
Welcome from *Cestus* famous for the loue
Of good *Leander* and his Tragedie,
For whom the Helespont weepes brinish teares,
The greatest grieve is I cannot as I would
Give entertainment to my deerest friend.

Aurel. Thankes noble *Polidor* my second selfe,
The faithfull loue which I haue found in thee
Hath made me leaue my fathers princelie court,
The Duke of *Cestus* thrise renowned seate,
To come to *Athens* thus to find thee out,
Which since I haue so happilie attaind,

My fortune now I doo account as great
 As earst did *Cesar* when he conquered most,
 But tell me noble friend where shal we lodge,
 For I am vnacquainted in this place.

Pol. My Lord if you vouchsafe of schollers fare,
 My house, my selfe, and all is yours to vse,
 You and your men shall staie and lodge with me.

Aurel. With all my hart, I will requite thy loue.

Enter *Simon, Alphonsus*, and his three daughters.

But staie; what dames are these so bright of hew
 Whose eies are brighter then the lampes of heauen,
 Fairer then rocks of pearle and pretious stone,
 More loulie farre then is the morning sunne,
 When first she opes hir orientall gates.

Alfon. Daughters be gone, and hie you to y^e church,
 And I will hie me downe vnto the key,
 To see what Marchandise is come ashore.

Ex. Omnes.

Pol. Why how now my Lord, what in a dumpe,
 To see these damsels passe away so soone?

Aurel. Trust me my friend, I must confesse to thee,
 I tooke so much delight in these faire dames,
 As I doo wish they had not gone so soone,
 But if thou canst, resolue me what they be,
 And what old man it was that went with them,
 For I doo long to see them once againe.

Pol. I cannot blame your honor good my lord,
 For they are both louely, wise, faire and yong,
 And one of them the yoongest of the three
 I long haue lou'd (sweet friend) and she lou'd me,
 But neuer yet we could not find a meanes
 How we might compasse our desired ioyes.

Aurel. Why, is not her father willing to the match?

Pol. Yes trust me, but he hath solemnlie sworne,

His eldest daughter first shall be espowse,
 Before he grauntes his yoongest leaue to loue,
 And therefore he that meanes to get their loues,
 Must first prouide for her if he will speed,
 And he that hath her shall be fettred¹ so
 As good be wedded to the diuell him selfe,
 For such a skould as she did neuer liue,
 And till that she be sped none else can speed,
 Which makes me thinke that all my labours lost,
 And whosoere can get hir firme good will,
 A large dowrie he shall be sure to haue,
 For her father is a man of mightie wealth,
 And an ancient Cittizen of the towne,
 And that was he that went along with them.

Aurel. But he shall keepe hir still by my aduise,
 And yet I needs must loue his second daughter
 The image of honor and Nobilitie,
 In whose sweet person is comprisde the somme
 Of natures skill and heauenlie maiestie.

Pol. I like your choise, and glad you chose not mine
 Then if you like to follow on your loue,
 We must devise a meanes and find² some one
 That wil attempt to wed this deuilish skould,
 And I doo know the man. Come hither boy,
 Go your waies sirha to *Ferandoes* house,
 Desire him³ take the paines to come to me,
 For I must speake with him immediatlie.

Boy. I will sir, and fetch him presentlie.

Pol. A man I thinke will fit hir humor right,
 As blunt in speech as she is sharpe of⁴ toong,

¹ "fretted." Editions 1596 and 1607.

² "means to find." Editions 1596 and 1607.

³ "to take." Editions 1596 and 1607.

⁴ "sharpe in tongue." Editions 1596 and 1607.

And he I thinke will match hir euerie waie,
 And yet he is a man of wealth sufficient,
 And for his person, worth as good as she,
 And if he compasse hir to be his wife,
 Then may we freeleie visite both our loues.

Aurel. O might I see the center¹ of my soule
 Whose sacred beautie hath enchanted me,
 More faire then was the Grecian *Helena*
 For whose sweet sake so many princes dide,
 That came with thousand shippes to *Tenedos*,
 But when we come vnto hir fathers house,
 Tell him I am a Marchants sonne of *Cestus*,
 That comes for traffike vnto *Athens* heere,
 And heere sirha I will change with you for once.
 And now be thou the Duke of *Cestus* sonne,
 Renell and spend as if thou wert myselfe,
 For I will court my² loue in this disguise.

Val. My lord, how if the Duke your father should
 By some meanes come to *Athens* for to see
 How you doo profit in these publike schooles,
 And find me clothed thus in your attire,
 How would he take it then thinke you my lord?

Aurel. Tush feare not *Valeria* let me alone,
 But staie, heere comes some other companie.

Enter *Ferando* and his man *Saunders* with a blew coat.

Pol. Here comes the man that I did tel you of.

Feran. Good morrow gentlemen to all at once.
 How now *Polidor*, what man still in loue?
 Euer wooing and canst thou neuer speed,
 God send me better luck when I shall woo.

San. I warrant you maister & you take my counsell.

¹ "censer." Editions 1596 and 1607.

² "thy." Edition 1607.

Feran. Why sirha, are you so cunning?

San. Who I, twere better for you by fīue marke
And you could tel how to doo it as well as I.

Pol. I would thy maister once were in the vaine,
To trie himselfe how he could woo a wench.

Feran. Faith I am euen now a going

San. Ifaith sir, my maisters going to this geere now

Pol. Whither in faith *Ferando*, tell me true.

Feran. To bonie Kate, the patientst wench aliue
The diuel himselfe dares scarce venter to woo her,
Signior *Alfonso*'s eldest daughter,
And he hath promide me six thousand crownes
If I can win her once to be my wife,
And she and I must woo with skoulding sure,
And I will hold hir toot till she be wearie,
Or else Ile make her yeeld to graunt me loue.

Pol. How like you this *Aurelius*, I thinke he knew
Our mindes before we sent to him,
But tell me, when doo you meane to speake with her?

Feran. Faith presentlie, doo you but stand aside
And I will make her father bring hir hither,
And she, and I, and he, will talke alone.

Pol. With al our heartes,¹ Come *Aurelius*
Let vs be gone and leaue him heere alone.

Exit.

Feran. Ho Signiour *Alfonso*, whose within there?

Alfon. Signiour *Ferando* your welcome hartilie,
You are a stranger sir vnto my house
Harke you sir, looke what I did promise you
Ile performe, if you get my daughters loue.

Feran. Then when I haue talkt a word or two with hir,
Doo you step in and giue her hand to me
And tell her when the marriage daie shal be
For I doo know she would be married faine,

¹ "my heart." Edition 1607.

And when our nuptiall rites be once performde
 Let me alone to tame hir well enough,
 Now call hir forth that I may speake with hir.

Enter *Kate*.

Alfon. Ha *Kate*, Come hither wench & list to me,
 Vse this gentleman friendlie as thou canst.

Feran. Twentie good morrowes to my louely *Kate*

Kate. You iest I am sure, is she yours already?

Feran. I tell thee *Kate* I know thou lou'st me well

Kate. The deuill you doo, who told you so?

Feran. My mind sweet *Kate* doth say I am the man,
 Must wed, and bed, and marrie bonnie *Kate*.

Kate. Was euer seene so grose an asse as this?

Feran. I, to stand so long and neuer get a kisse.

Kate. Hands off I say, and get you from this place;
 Or I wil set my ten commandments in your face.

Feran. I prethe doo *Kate*; they say thou art a shrew,
 And I like thee the better for I would haue thee so.

Kate. Let go my hand for feare it reech your eare.

Feran. No *Kate*, this hand is mine and I thy loue.

Kate. In faith sir no, the woodcock wants his taile.

Feran. But yet his bil wil serue, if the other faile.

Alfon. How now, *Ferando*, what saies¹ my daughter?

Feran. Shees willing sir and loues me as hir life.

Kate. Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife.

Alfon. Come hither *Kate* and let me giue thy hand
 To him that I haue chosen for thy loue,
 And thou tomorrow shalt be wed to him.

Kate. Why father what do you meane to do with me,
 To giue me thus vnto this brainsick man,
 That in his mood cares not to murder me?

She turnes aside and speakes.

¹ *saies* is omitted in edition 1607.

But yet I will consent and marrie him,
For I methinkes haue liude too long a maid,
And match him to, or else his manhoods good.

Alfon. Giue me thy hand *Ferando* loues thee wel
And will with wealth and ease maintaine thy state,
Here *Ferando* take her for thy wife,
And Sunday next shall be your¹ wedding day.

Feran. Why so, did I not tell thee I should be the man
Father, I leaue my louelie *Kate* with you,
Prouide your selues against our mariage daie ;
For I must hie me to my countrie house
In hast to see prouision may be made,
To entertaine my *Kate* when she dooth come.

Alfon. Doo so, come *Kate* why doost thou looke
So sad, be merrie wench thy wedding daies at hand.
Sonne fare you well, and see you keepe your promise.

Exit Alfonso and Kate.

Feran. So, all thus farre goes well. Ho *Saunder*.

Enter Saunder laughing.

San. *Sander* I faith your a beast I crie God hartilie
Mercie, my harts readie to run out of my bellie with
Laughing. I stood behind the doore all this while,
And heard what you said to hir.

Feran. Why didst² thou think that I did not speake wel
to hir.

San. You spoke like an asse to her, Ile tel you what,
And I had been there to haue woode hir, and had this
Clope on³ that you haue, chud haue had her before she
Had gone a foot further, and you talke of Wood cocks with
her, and I cannot tell you what.

¹ "our wedding day." Editions 1596 and 1607.

² "doost." Edition 1607.

³ "on" omitted in edition 1607.

Feran. Wel sirha & yet thou seest I haue got her for all this.

San. I marry twas more by hap then any good cunning
I hope sheele make you one of the head men of the parish shortly.

Feran. Wel sirha leaue your iesting and go to *Polidors* house,

The yong gentleman that was here with me,
And tell him the circumstance of all thou knowst,
Tell him on Sunday next we must be married,
And if he aske thee whither I am gone,
Tell him into the countrie to my house,
And vpon sundaie Ile be heere againe. *Ex. Ferando.*

San. I warrant you Maister feare not me
For dooing of my businesse.
Now hang him that has not a liuerie cote
To slash it out and swash it out amongst the proudest
On them. Why looke you now Ile scarce put vp
Plaine *Saunder* now at any of their handes, for and any
Bodie haue any thing to doo with my maister, straight
They come crouching vpon me, I beseech you good M.
Saunder speake a good word for me, and then am I¹ so
Stout and takes it vpon me, & stands vpon my panto filles
To them out of all erie, why I haue a life like a giant
Now, but that my maister hath such a pestilent mind
To a woman now a² late, and I haue a prettie wench
To my sister, and I had thought to have preferd my
Maister to her, and that would haue beene a good
Deale in my waie but that hees sped aheadie.

Enter Polidors boie.

Boy. Friend, well met.

¹ "I am." Edition 1607.

² "of late." Editions 1596 and 1607.

San. Souns, friend wel met, I hold my life he sees
Not my maisters luerie coat,
Plaine friend hop of my thum kno you who we are.

Boy. Trust me sir, it is the vse where I was borne,
To salute men after this manner, yet notwithstanding
If you be angrie with me for calling of you friend,
I am the more sorie for it, hoping the stile
Of a foole will make you amends for all.

San. The slaue is sorie for his fault, now we cannot be
Angrie, wel whats the matter that you would do with vs.

Boy. Marry sir, I heare you pertain to signior *Ferando*.

San. I and thou beest not blind thou maiest see, *Ecce*
signum, heere.

Boy. Shall I intreat you to doo me a message to your
Maister?

San. I it may be & you tel vs from whence you com.

Boy. Marrie sir I serue young *Polidor* your maisters
friend.

San. Do you serue him and whats your name?

Boy. My name sirha, I tell thee sirha is cald Catapie.

San. Cake and pie, O my teeth waters to have a peece of
thee.

Boy. Why slave wouldst thou eate me?

San. Eate thee, who would not eate Cake and pie?

Boy. Why villaine my name is Catapie,
Bvt wilt thou tell me where thy maister is.

San. Nay thou must first tell me where thy maister is,
For I haue good newes for him, I can tell thee.

Boy. Why see where he comes.

Enter *Polidor*, *Aurelius*, and *Valeria*.

Pol. Come sweet *Aurelius* my faithfull friend
Now will we go to see those loulie dames
Richer in beawtie then the orient pearle
Whiter then is the Alpine Christall mould,

And farre more loulie then the terean plant,
That blushing in the aire turnes to a stone.
What *Sander*, what newes with you?

San. Marry sir, my maister sends you word
That you must come to his wedding to morrow.

Pol. What shall he be married then?

San. Faith I, you thinke he standes as long about it as
you doo.

Pol. Whither is thy maister gone now?

San. Marrie hees gone to our house in the Countrie,
To make all thinges in a readinesse against my new
Mistresse comes thither, but heele come againe to morrow.

Pol. This is suddainlie dispatcht belike,
Well sirha boy, take *Saunder* in with you
And haue him to the buttrie presentlie.

Boy. I will sir: come *Saunder*.

Exit Saunder and the Boy.

Aurel. *Valeria* as erste we did deuise,
Take thou thy lute and go to *Alfonso's* house,
And say that *Polidor* sent thee thither.

Pol. I *Valeria* for he spoke to me,
To helpe him to some cunning Musition,
To teach his eldest daughter on the lute,
And thou I know will fit his turne so well
As thou shalt get great fauour at his handes,
Begon *Valeria* and say I sent thee to him.

Vale. I will sir, and stay your comming at *Alfonso's* house.

Exit Valeria.

Pol. Now sweete *Aurelius* by this deuise
Shall we haue leisure for to courte our loues
For whilst that she is learning on the lute,
Hir sisters may take time to steele abroad,
For otherwise shele keep them both within,
And make them worke whilst she herselfe doth play,
But come lets go vnto *Alfonso's* house,

And see how *Valeria* and *Kate* agree,
 I doute his Musick skarse will please his skoller,
 But stay here comes *Alfonso*.

Enter *Alfonso*.

Alfonso. What M. *Polidor* you are well mett,
 I thanke you for the man you sent to me,
 A good Musition I thinke he is,
 I haue set my daughter and him together,
 But is this gentellman a frend of youres?

Pol. He is. I praie you sir bid him welcome,
 He's a wealthe Marchants sonne of *Cestus*.

Alfon. Your welcom sir and if my house aforde
 You any thing that may content your mind,
 I pray you sir make bold with me.

Aurel. I thanke you sir, and if what I haue got,
 By marchandise or trauell on the seas,
 Sattens or lawnes or azure colloured silke,
 Or pretious firie pointed stones of Indie,
 You shall command both them myselfe and all.

Alfon. Thanks gentle sir, *Polidor* take him in,
 And bid him welcome to¹ vnto my house,
 For thou I thinke must be my second sonne.

Ferando. *Polidor* doost thou not know
 Must marry *Kate*, and to morrow is the day.

Pol. Such newes I heard, and *I* came now to know.

Alfon. *Polidor* tis true, goe let me alone,
 For I must see against the bridegroome come,
 That all thinges be according to his mind,
 And so Ile leaue you for an houre or two.

Exit.

Pol. Come then *Aurelius* come in with me,

¹ "to" omitted in editions 1607; "too" was, probably, the word meant in the first and second editions, completing the measure, and improving the meaning of *Alfonso's* Instruction to *Polydor*.

And weelee go sit a while and chat with them,
And after bring them forth to take the aire.

Exit.

Then *Slie* speakes.

Slie. Sim, when will the foole come againe?

Lord. Heele come againe my Lord anon.

Slie. Gis some more drinke here, souns wheres
The Tapster, here *Sim* eate some of these things.

Lord. So I doo my Lord.

Slie. Here *Sim*, I drinke to thee.

Lord. My Lord heere comes the plaiers againe,

Slie. O braue, heers two fine gentlewomen.

Enter *Valeria* with a lute, and *Kate* with him.

Vale. The sencelesse trees by musick haue been moo'd
And at the sound of pleasant tuned strings,
Haue sauage beastes hung downe theer listning heads,
As though they had beene cast into a trance,
Then it may be that she¹ whom nought can please,
With musickes sound in time may be surprisde,
Come louelye mistresse will you take your lute,
And play the lesson that I taught you last?

Kate. It is no matter whether I doo or no,
For trust me I take no great delight in it.

Vale. I would sweet mistresse that it laie in me,
To helpe you to that thing thats your delight.

Kate. In you with a pestlence, are you so kind?
Then make a night cap of your fiddles case,
To warme your head, and hide your filthie face.

Val. If that sweet mistresse were your harts content,
You should command a greater thing then that,
Although it were ten times to my disgrace.

¹ "to whom." Edition 1607.

Kate. Your so kind twere pittie you should be hang'd,
And yet methinkes the foole dooth looke asquint.

Val. Why mistresse doo you mocke me?

Kate. No but I meane to moue thee.

Val. Well, will you plaie a little?

Kate. I¹ giue me the lute.

She plaies.

Val. That stop was false, play it againe.

Kate. Then mend it thou, thou filthy asse.

Val. What, doo you bid me kisse your arse?

Kate. How now iacksause, your a iollie mate,
Your best be still least I crosse your pate,
And make your musicke flie about your eares,
Ile make it and your foolish² coxcombe meet.

She offers to strike him with the lute.

Val. Hold mistresse, souns will you breake my lute?

Kate. I³ on thy head, and if thou speake to me,
There take it vp and fiddle some where else.

She throwes it downe.

And see you come no more into this place,
Least that I clap your fiddle on your face.

Ex Kate.

Val. Souns, teach hir to play vpon⁴ the lute?
The deuill shall teach her first, I am glad shees gone,
For I was neare so fraid in all my life,
But that my lute should flie about mine eares,
My maister shall teach her his selfe⁵ for me,
For Ile keepe me far enough without hir reach,
For he and *Polydor* sent me before.
To be with her and teach her on the lute,
Whilst they did court the other gentlewomen,
And heere methinkes they come together.

¹ "Yea." Edition 1607.

² "foolish," omitted in edition 1607.

³ "Yea." Edition 1607.

⁴ "on the lute." Edition 1607.

⁵ "himselfe." Edition 1607.

Enter *Aurelius*, *Polidor*, *Emelia*, and *Philena*.

Pol. How now *Valeria*, whears your mistresse?

Val. At the vengeance I thinke and no where else.

Aurel. Why *Valeria*, will she not learne apace?

Val. Yes ber lady she has learnt too much already,
And that I had felt had I not spoke hir faire
But she shall neare be learnt for me againe.

Aurel. Well *Valeria* go to my chamber,
And beare him companie that came to daie
From *Cestus*, where our aged father dwels. *Ex. Valeria.*

Pol. Come faire *Emelia* my louelie loue,
Brighter then the burnisht pallace of the sunne,
The eie sight of the glorious firmament,
In whose bright lookes sparkles the radiant fire,
Willie *Prometheus* slilie stole from *Joue*,
Infusing breath, life, motion, soule,
To euerie obiect striken by thine eies.
Oh faire *Emelia* I pine for thee,
And either must enioy thy loue, or die.

Eme. Fie man, I know you will not die for loue.
Ah *Polidor* thou needst not to complaine,
Eternall heauen sooner be dissolude,
And all that pearseth *Phebus* siluer eie,
Before such hap befall to *Polidor*.

Pol. Thanks faire *Emelia* for these sweet words,
But what saith *Phylena* to hir friend?

Phyle. Why I am buying marchandise of him.

Aurel. Mistresse you shall not need to buie of me,
For when I crost the bubling Canibey,
And sailde along the Cristall Helispont,
I filde my cofers of the wealthie mines,
Where I did cause Millions of labouring Moores
To vndermine the cauernes of the earth,
To seeke for strange and new found pretious stones,

And diue into the sea to gather pearle,
 As faire as *Iuno* offered *Priams* sonne,
 And you shall take your liberall choice of all.

Phyle. I thanke you sir and would *Phylena* might
 In any curtesie requite you so,
 As she with willing hart could well bestow.

Enter *Alfonso*.

Alfon. How now daughters, is *Ferando* come?

Eme. Not yet father. I wonder he staies so long.

Alfon. And wheres your sister that she is not heere?

Phyle. She is making of hir readie father
 To goe to church and if that he were come.

Pol. I warrant you heele not be long awaie.

Alfon. Go daughters get you in, and bid your
 Sister prouide her selfe against that we doo come,
 And see you goe to church along with vs.

Exit Philena and Emelia.

I maruell that *Ferando* comes not away.

Pol. His Tailor it may be hath bin too slacke,
 In his apparrell which he meanes to weare,
 For no question but some fantasticke sutes
 He is determined to weare to day,
 And richly powdered with pretious stones
 Spotted with liquid gold, thick set with pearle,
 And such he meanes shall be his wedding sutes.

Alfon. I carde not I what cost he did bestow,
 In gold or silke, so he himselfe were heere,
 For I had rather lose a thousand crownes,
 Then that he should deceiue vs heere to daie,
 But soft I thinke I see him come.

Enter *Ferando* baselie attired, and a red cap on his head.

Feran. Godmorow father, *Polidor* well met,
 You wonder I know that I haue staid so long.

Alfon. I¹ marrie son, we were almost perswaded,
That we should scarce haue had our bridegroome heere,
But say, why art thou thus basely attired?

Feran. Thus richlie father you should haue said,
For when my wife and I am² married once,
Shees such a shrew, if we should once fal out
Sheele pul my costlie sutes ouer mine eares,
And therefore am I thus attired awhile,
For manie thinges I tell you's in my head,
And none must know thereof but *Kate* and I,
For we shall liue like lammes and Lions sure,
Nor Lammes to Lions neuer was so tame,
If once they lie within the Lions pawes
As *Kate* to me if we were married once,
And therefore come let vs to church presently.

Pol. Fie *Ferando* not thus atired for shame
Come to my Chamber and there sute thy selfe,
Of twentie sutes that I did neuer were.

Feran. Tush *Polidor* I haue as many sutes
Fantasticke made to fit my humor so
As any in Athens and as richlie wrought
As was the Massie Robe that late adorn'd,
The stately legate of the Persian King,
And this from them haue I made choise to weare.

Alfon. I prethie *Ferando* let me intreat
Before thou goste vnto the church with vs
To put some other sute vpon thy backe.

Feran. Not for the world if I might gaine it so,
And therefore take me thus or not at all.

Enter *Kate*.

But soft se where my *Kate* doth come,
I must salute hir: how fares my louely *Kate*?
What art thou readie? shall we go to church?

¹ "yea." Edition 1607.

² "are." Edition 1607.

Kate. Not I with one so mad, so basely tirde,
To marrie such a filthie slauish groome
That as it seemes sometimes is from his wits,
Or else he would not thus haue come to vs.

Feran. Tush *Kate* these words addes greater loue in me
And makes me thinke thee fairrer then before,
Sweete *Kate* the¹ louelier then Dianas purple robe,
Whiter then are the snowie Apenis,
Or icie haire that groes on Boreas chin.
Father I sweare by Ibis golden beake,
More faire and Radiente is my bonie *Kate*,
Then siluer Zanthus when he doth imbrace,
The ruddie Simies at Idas feete,
And care not thou swete *Kate* how Ibe clad,
Thou shalt haue garments wrought of Median silke,
Enchast with pretious Iewells fecht from far,
By Italian Marchants that with Russian stemes,
Plous vp huge forrowes in the *Terren Maine*,
And better farre my louely *Kate* shall weare,
Then come sweet loue and let vs to the church,
For this I sweare shall be my wedding sute *Exeunt Omnes.*
Alfon. Come gentlemen go along with vs,
For thus doo what we can he will be wed. *Exit.*

Enter *Polidors* boy and *Sander*.

Boy. Come hither sirha boy.

San. Boy, oh disgrace to my person, souns boy
Of your face, you haue many boies with such
Pickadeuantes I am sure, souns would you
Not haue a bloudie nose for this?

Boy. Come, come, I did but iest, where is that
Same peece of pie that I gaue thee to keepe.

San. The pie? I you haue more minde of your bellie
Then to go see what your maister dooes.

¹ "thou." Editions 1596 and 1607.

Boy. Tush tis no matter man I prethe giue it me,
I am verie hungry I promise thee.

San. Why you may take it and the deuill burst
You with it, one cannot saue a bit after supper,
But you are alwaies readie to munch it vp.

Boy. Why come man, we shall haue good cheere
Anon at the bridehouse, for your maisters gone to
Church to be married alreadie, and thears
Such cheere as passeth.

San. O braue, I would I had eate no meat this week
For I haue neuer a corner left in my bellie
To put a venson pastie in, I thinke I shall burst my selfe
With eating, for Ile so cramme me downe the tarts
And the marchpaines, out of all crie.

Boy. I, but how wilt thou doo now thy maisters
Married, thy mistresse is such a deuill as sheele make
Thee forget thy eating quickly, sheele beat thee so.

San. Let my maister alone with hir for that, for
Heele make hir tame wel inough ere long I warent thee
For he's such a churle waxen now of late that and he be
Neuer so little angry he thums me out of all crie,
But in my minde sirra the yongest is a verie
Prettie wench, and if I thought thy maister would
Not haue hir Ide haue a flinge at hir
My selfe Ile see soone whether twill be a match
Or no : and it will not Ile set the matter
Hard for myselfe I warrant thee.

Boy. Sounes you slaue will you be a Riual with
My maister in his loue, speake but such
Another worde and Ile cut off one of thy legges.

San. Oh, cruell iudgment, nay then sirra
My tongue shall talke no more to you, marry my
Timber shall tell the trustie message of his maister
Euen on the very forehead on thee, thou abusious
Villaine, therefore prepare thyselfe.

Boy. Come hither thou Imperfecksious slaue in
 Regard of thy beggery, holde thee theres
 Two shillings for thee? to pay for the
 Healing of thy left legge which I meane
 Furiously to inuade or to maime at the least.

San. O supernodicall foule? well Ile take your two shillings
 but Ile barre striking at legges.

Boy. Not I, for Ile strike any where.

San. Here here' take your two shillings again
 Ile see thee hangd ere Ile fight with thee,
 I gat a broken shin the other day,
 Tis not, whole yet and therefore Ile not fight
 Come come why should we fall out?

Boy. Well sirray your faire words hath somethineg
 Alaied my Coller: I am content for this once
 To put it vp and be frends with thee,
 But soft see where they come all from church,
 Belike they be Married allredy.

*Enter Ferando and Kate and Alfonso and Polidor and Amelia .
 and Aurelius and Philema.*

Feran. Father farwell, my *Kate* and I must home,
 Sirra go make ready my horse presentlie.

Alfon. Your horse? What son I hope you doo but iest
 I am sure you will not go so suddainly.

Kate. Let him go or tarry I am resolu'de to stay,
 And not to trauell on my wedding day.

Feran. Tut *Kate* I tell thee we must needes go home,
 Villaine hast thou saddled my horse?

San. Which horse, your curtall?

Feran. Sounes you slaue stand you prating here?
 Saddell the bay gelding for your Mistris.

Kate. Not for me: for Ile² not go.

¹ "*Here*" is not repeated in editions 1596 and 1607.

² "I will." Edition 1607.

San. The ostler will not let me haue him you owe tenpence
For his meate and 6 pence for stuffing my Mistris saddle.

Feran. Here villaine go pay him straight.

San. Shall I giue them another pecke of lauender.

Feran. Out slaue and bring them presently to the dore.

Alfon. Why son I hope at least youle dine with vs.

San. I pray you maister lets stay till dinner be don.

Feran. Sounes villaine art thou here yet? *Ex Sander.*
Come *Kate* our dinner is prouided at home.

Kate. But not for me, for here I meane to dine
Ile haue my will in this as well as you,
Though you in madding mood would leaue your frends
Despite of you Ile tarry with them still.

Feran. I *Kate* so thou shalt but at some other time,
When as thy sisters here shall be espoused,
Then thou and I will keepe our wedding day,
In better sort then now we can prouide,
For here I promise thee before them all,
We will ere long returne to them againe,
Come *Kate* stand not on termes we will awaie,
This is my day, tomorrow thou shalt rule,
And I will doo what euer thou commandes.
Gentlemen farwell, wele take our leues,
It will be late before that we come home.

Exit Ferando and Kate.

Pol. Farwell *Ferando* since you will be gone.

Alfon. So mad a cupple did I neuer see.

Emel. They're euen as well macht as I would wish.

Phile. And yet I hardly thinke that he can tame her.
For when he has don she will do what she list.

Aurel. Her manhood then is good I do beleewe.

Pol. *Aurelius* or else I misse my marke
Her tounge will walke if she doth hold her handes,
I am in dout ere halfe a month be past
Hele curse the priest that married him so soone.

And yet it may be she will be reclaimde,
For she is verie patient grone of late.

Alfon. God hold it that it may continue still
I would be loth that they should disagree
But he I hope will holde her in a while.

Pol. Within this¹ two daies I will ride to him,
And see how louingly they do agree.

Alfon. Now *Aurelius* what say you to this,
What haue you sent to *Cestus* as you said,
To certifie your father of your loue
For I would gladlie he would like of it,
And if he be the man you tell to me,
I gesse he is a Marchant of great wealth.
And I haue seene him oft at *Athens* here,
And for his sake assure thee thou art welcome.

Pol. And so to me whilst *Polidor* doth liue.

Aurel. I find it so right worthie gentlemen,
And of what² worth your frendship I esteme,
I leue censure of your seuerall thoughts,
But for requitall of your fauours past,
Rests yet behind, which when occasion serues
I vow shalbe remembred to the full,
And for my fathers comming to this place,
I do expect within this weeke at most.

Alfon. Inough *Aurelius*? but we forget
Our Marriage dinner now the bride is gon,
Come let vs see what there they left behind. *Exit Omnes.*

Enter Sanders with two or three seruing men.

San. Come sirs prouide all thinges as fast as you can,
For my Masters hard at hand and my new Mistris
And all, and he sent me before to see all thinges redy.

Tom. Welcome home Sander sirra how lookes our
New Mistris they say she's a plagie shrew.

¹ "these." Edition 1607.

² "that." Edition 1607.

San. I¹ and that thou shalt find I can tell thee and² thou
Dost not please her well, why my Maister
Has such a doo with hir as it passeth and he's euen
Like a madman.

Will. Why Sander what dos³ he say.

San. Why Ile tell you what : when they should
Go to church to be maried he puts on an olde
Jerkin and a paire of canuas breeches downe to the
Small of his legge and a red cap on his head and he
Lookes as thou wilt⁴ burst thy selfe with laffing
When thou seest him : he's ene as good as a
Foole for me : and then when they should go to dinner
He made me saddle the horse and away he came.
And nere tarried for dinner : and therefore you had best
Get supper reddy against they come, for
They be hard at hand I am sure by this time.

Tom. Sounes see where they be all redy.

Enter Ferando and Kate.

Feran. Now welcome *Kate* : where's these villains
Here, what ? not supper yet vppon the borde :
Nor table spred nor nothing don at all,
Wheres that villaine that I sent before.

San. Now, *ad sum*, sir.

Feran. Come hether you villaine Ile cut your nose,
You Rogue : helpe me of with my bootes : wilt please
You to lay the cloth ? sounes the villaine
Hurts my foote ? pull easely I say ; yet againe.

He beates them all.

They couer the bord and fetch in the meate.

Sounes ? burnt and skorcht who drest this meate ?

¹ "Yea." Edition 1607.

² "and if." Edition 1607.

³ "doth." Edition 1607.

⁴ "wouldst." Edition 1607.

Will. Forsouth Iohn cooke.

He throwes downe the table and meate and all, and beates
them.¹

Feran. Go you villaines bringe you² me such meate,
Out of my sight I say and beare it hence,
Come *Kate* wele haue other meate prouided,
Is there a fire in my chamber sir?

San. I forsooth.

Exit³ Ferando and Kate.

Manent seruing men and eate vp all the meate.

Tom. Sounes? I thinke of my conscience my Masters
Mad since he was maried.

Will. I laft what a boxe he gaue *Sander*
For pulling of his bootes.

Enter *Ferando* againe.

San. I hurt his foote for the nonce man.

Feran. Did you so you damned villaine.

He beates them all out againe.

This humor must I holde me to awhile,
To bridle and holde backe my headstrong wife,
With curbes of hunger : ease : and want of sleepe,
Nor sleepe nor meate shall she inioie to night,
He mew her vp as men do mew their hawkes,
And make her gentlie come vnto the lure,
Were she as stuborne or as full of strength
As were⁴ the *Thracian* horse *Alcides* tamde,
That King *Egeus* fed with flesh of men,
Yet would I pull her downe and make her come
As hungry hawkes do flie vnto there lure. *Exit.*

¹ "them all" in edition 1607.

² "you," omitted in edition 1607.

³ "Excunt." Edition 1607.

⁴ "was." Edition 1607.

Enter *Aurelius* and *Valeria*.

Aurel. *Valeria* attend : I haue a louely loue,
As bright as is the heauen cristalline,
As faire as is the milkewhite way of Ioue,
As chaste as *Phæbe* in her sommer sportes,
As softe and tender as the asure downe,
That circles *Cithereas* siluer doues.
Her do I meane to make my louely bride,
And in her bed to breath the sweete content,
That I thou knowst long time haue aimed at,
Now *Valeria* it rests in thee to helpe
To compasse this, that I might gaine my loue,
Which easilie thou maist performe at will,
If that the marchant which thou toldst me of,
Will as he sayd go to *Alfonso's* house,
And say he is my father, and there with all
Pas ouer certain deedes of land to me,
That I thereby may gaine my hearts desire,
And he is promised reward of me.

Val. Feare not my Lord Ile fetch him straight to you,
For hele do any thing that you command,
But tell me my Lord, is *Ferando* married then?

Aurel. He is : and *Polidor* shortly shall be wed,
And he meanes to tame his wife erelong.

Vale. He saies so.

Aurel. Faith he's gon vnto the taming schoole.

Vale. The taming schoole ; why is there such a place ?

Aurel. I : and *Ferando* is the Maister of the schoole.

Val. Thats rare : but what *decorum* dos¹ he vse ?

Aurel. Faith I know not : but by som odde deuise
Or other, but come *Valeria* I long to see the man,
By whome we must comprise our plotted drift,
That I may tell him what we haue to doo.

Val. Then come my Lord and I will bring you to him straight.

¹ "doth." Edition 1607.

Aurel. Agreed, then lets go.

Exeunt.

Enter Sander and his Mistres.

San. Come Mistris.

Kate. *Sander* I prethe helpe me to some meate,
I am so faint that I can scarsely stande.

San. I marry mistris but you know my maister
Has giuen me a charge that you must eate nothing,
But that which he himselfe giueth you.

Kate. Why man thy Maister needs never know it.

San. You say true indede: why looke you Mistris,
What say you to a peece of beeffe and mustard now?

Kate. Why I say tis excellent meate, canst thou helpe me
to some?

San. I, I could helpe you to some but that
I doubt the mustard is too colerick for you,
But what say you to a sheepes head and garlick?

Kate. Why any thing, I care not what it be.

San. I but the garlike I doubt will make your breath
stincke,

and then my maister will course me for letting
You eate it: But what say you to a fat Capon?

Kate. Thats meate for a King sweet *Sander* helpe
Me to some of it.

San. Nay ber lady then tis too deere for vs, we must
Not meddle with the Kings meate.

Kate. Out villaine dost thou mocke me,
Take that for thy sawsinesse.

She beates him.

San. Sounes are you so light fingerd with a murrin,
Ile keepe you fasting for it this¹ two daies.

Kate. I tell thee villaine Ile tear the flesh of
Thy face and eate it and thou prates² to me thus.

San. Here comes my Maister now hele course you.

¹ "these." Edition 1607.

² "prate." Edition 1607.

Enter *Ferando* with a peece of meate vppon his daggers¹ point,
and *Polidor* with him.

Feran. Se here Kate I haue prouided meate for thee
Here take it what ist not worthie thanks,
Goe sirra? take it awaie againe you shal be
Thankefull for the next you haue.

Kate. Why I thanke you for it.

Feran. Nay now tis not worth a pin go sirray and take it
hence I say.

San. Yes sir Ile Carrie it hence: Maister let her
Haue none for she can fight as hungrie as she is.

Pol. I pray you sir let it stand, for Ile eate
Some with her my selfe.

Feran. Well sirra set it downe againe.

Kate. Nay nay I pray you let him take it hence,
And keepe it for your owne diete for Ile none,
Ile nere be beholding to you for your Meate,
I tell thee flatlie here vnto the thy teethe
Thou shalt not keepe me nor feede me as thou list,
For I will home againe vnto my fathers house;

Feran. I, when you'r meeke and gentell but not
Before, I know your stomack is not yet come downe,
Therefore no maruell thou canste not eate,
And I will goe vnto your fathers house;
Come *Polidor* let vs goe in againe,
And *Kate* come in with vs I know ere longe
That thou and I shall louingly agree. *Ex Omnes.*

Enter Aurelius Valeria and Phylotus the Marchant.

Aurel. Now Senior *Phylotus* we will go
Vnto *Alfonso's* house, and be sure you say
As I did tell you concerning the man

¹ "dagger." Edition 1607.

That dwells in¹ *Cestus*, whose son I said I was
 For you doo very much resemble him,
 And feare not: you may be bold to speake your mind,

Phylo. I warrant you sir take you no care,
 Ile vse my selfe so cunning in the cause,
 As you shall soon inioie your harts delight.

Aurel. Thankes sweet *Phylotus*, then stay you here,
 And I will go and fetch him hither straight.
 Ho, Senior *Alfonso* a word with you.

Enter *Alfonso*.

Alfon. Whose there? What *Aurelius* whats the
 matter

That you stand so like a stranger at the doore?

Aurel. My father sir is newly come to towne,
 And I haue brought him here to speake with you,
 Concerning those² matters that I tolde you of,
 And he can certifie you of the truth.

Alfon. Is this your father? You are welcome sir.

Phylo. Thankes *Alfonso*, for thats your name I gesse
 I understand my son hath set his mind
 And bent his liking to your daughters loue,
 And for because he is my only son,
 And I would gladly that he should doo well,
 I tell you sir I not mislike his choise,
 If you agree to giue him your consent,
 He shall haue liuing to maintaine his state,³
 Three hundred poundes a yeare I will assure
 To him and to his heyres, and if they do ioyne,
 And knit themselues in holy wedlock bande,
 A thousand massie ingots of pure gold,
 And twise as many bares of siluer plate,

¹ "at." Edition 1607.

² "these." Edition 1607.

³ "estate." Edition 1607.

I freely giue him and in writing straight,
I will confirme what I have said in wordes.

Alfon. Trust me I must commend your liberall mind,
And louing care you beare vnto your son,
And here I giue him freely my consent,
As for my daughter I thinke he knowes her mind,
And I will inlarge her dowrie for your sake.
And solemnise with ioie your nuptiall rites,
But is this gentleman of *Cestus* too?

Aurel. He is the *Duke* of *Cestus* thrise renowned son,
Who for the loue his honour beares to me
Hath thus accompanied me to this place.

Alfon. You weare to blame you told me not before,
Pardon me my Lord, for if I had knowne
Your honour had bin here in place with me
I would haue donne my dutie to your honour.

Val. Thankes good *Alfonso*: but I did come to see
When as¹ these marriage rites should be performed,
And if in these nuptialls you vouchsafe
To honour thus the prince of *Cestus* frend,
In celebration of his spousall rites
He shall remaine a lasting friend to you,
What saies *Aurelius* father.

Philo. I humbly thanke your honour good my Lord,
And ere we parte before your honor here
Shall articles of such content be drawne,
As twixt our houses and posterities,
Eternallie this league of peace shall last,
Inuiolat and pure on either part:

Alfon. With all my heart, and if your honour please,
To walke along with vs unto my house,
We will confirme these leagues of lasting loue.

Val. Come then *Aurelius* I will go with you. *Ex Omnes.*

¹ "as" is omitted in Edition 1607.

Enter *Ferando and Kate and Sander.*

San. Master the haberdasher has brought my
Mistresse home hir cappe here.

Feran. Come hither sirra : what haue you there ?

Habar. A veluet cappe sir and it please you.

Feran. Who spoake for it ? didst thou *Kate* ?

Kate. What if I did, come hither sirra, giue me
The cap, Ile see if it will fit me.

She sets it one hir head.

Feran. O monstrous, why it becomes thee not,
Let me see it *Kate* : here sirra take it hence
This cappe is out of fashion quite.

Kate. The fashion is good inough : belike you
Meane to make a foole of me.

Feran. Why true he meanes to make a foole of thee
To haue thee put on such a curtald cappe,
Sirra begon with it.

Enter the *Taylor* with a gowne.

San. Here is the *Taylor* too with my Mistris gowne.

Feran. Let me see it *Taylor* : what with cuts and iaggess.
Sounes you¹ villaine, thou hast spoiled the gowne.

Taylor. Why sir I made it as your man gaue me direction.
You may reade the note here.

Feran. Come hither sirra *Taylor* reade the note.

Taylor. Item. a faire round compast cape.

San. I thats true.

Taylor. And a large truncke sleeue.

San. Thats a lie maister. I sayd two truncke sleeues.

Feran. Well sir goe forward.

Taylor. Item a loose bodied gowne.

San. Maister if euer I sayd loose bodies gowne,

¹ *How.* Edition 1607.

Sew me in a seame and beate me to death,
With¹ bottome of browne thred.

Taylor. I made it as the note bad me.

San. I say the note lies in his throute and thou too
And thou sayst it.

Taylor. Nay nay nere be so hot sirra, for I feare you not.

San. Doost thou heare *Taylor*, thou hast braued
Many men : braue not me.

Thou'st faste many men.

Taylor. Well sir.

San. Face not me Ile neither be faste nor braued.
At thy handes I can tell thee.

Kate. Come come I like the fashion of it well enough,
Heres more a do then needs Ile haue it, I
And if you do not like it hide your eies,
I thinke I shall haue nothing by your will.

Feran. Go I say and take it vp for your maisters vse.

San. Souns villaine not for thy life touch it not,
Souns take vp my mistris gowne to his
Maisters vse?

Feran. Well sir whats your conceit of it.

San. I haue a deeper conceite in it then you thinke for, take
vp my mistris gowne
To his maisters vse?

Feran. *Taylor* come hether ; for this time take it
Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.

Taylor. I thanke you sir.

Exit Taylor.

Feran. Come *Kate* we now will go see thy fathers house
Euen in these honest meane abilliments,
Our purses shall be rich our garments plaine,
To shrowd our bodies from the winter rage,
And thats inough, what should we care for more

¹ with a bottome. Editions 1596 and 1607.

Thy sisters *Kate* to morrow must be wed,
 And I haue promised them thou shouldst be there
 The morning is well vp lets hast away,
 It will be nine a clocke ere we come there.

Kate. Nine a clock, why tis allreadie past two
 In the after noone by all the clocks in the towne.

Feran. I say tis but nine a clock in the morning.

Kate. I say tis two a clock in the after noone.

Feran. It shall be nine then ere we¹ go to your fathers,
 Come backe againe we will not go to day.

Nothing but crossing of² me still,

Ile haue you say as I doo ere you³ go. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter *Polidor, Emelia, Aurelius and Philema.*

Pol. Faire *Emelia* sommers sun bright⁴ Queene,
 Brighter of hew then is the burning clime,
 Where *Phæbus* in his bright equator sits,
 Creating gold and pressious minneralls
 What would *Emelia* doo? if I were forst
 To leaue faire *Athens* and to range the world.

Eme. Should thou assay to scale the seate of Ioue,
 Mounting theuttle ayrie regions
 Or be snacht vp as erste was *Ganimed*
 Loue should giue winges vnto my swift desires
 And prune my thoughts that I would follow thee,
 Or fall and perish as did *Icarus*.

Aurel. Sweetly resolved faire *Emelia*,
 But would *Philema* say as much to me
 If I should aske a question now of thee
 What if the Duke of *Cestus* only son^{*}
 Which came with me vnto your fathers house,

¹ "you." Edition 1607.

² "of" omitted. Edition 1607.

³ "I." Edition 1607.

⁴ "bright sun" in editions 1596 and 1607.

Should seeke to get *Phylemas* loue from me,
 And make thee Duches of that stately towne
 Wouldst thou not then forsake me for his loue?

Phyle. Not for great *Neptune*, no nor *Ioue* himselfe,
 Will *Phylema* leaue *Aurelius* loue,
 Could he install me *Empres* of the world,
 Or make me Queene and guidres of the heauens
 Yet would I not exchange thy¹ loue for his,
 Thy company is poore *Philemas* heauen,
 And without thee heauen were hell to me.

Eme. And should my loue as erste did *Hercules*
 Attempt to passe² the burning valtes of hell,
 I would with piteous lookes and pleasing wordes
 As once did *Orpheus* with his harmony,
 And rauishing sound of his melodious harpe,
 Intreate grim *Pluto* and of him obtaine,
 That thou mightest go and safe retourne againe.

Phyle. And should my loue as earst *Leander* did,
 Attempt to swimme the boyling helispont
 For *Heros* loue: no towers of brasse should hold
 But I would follow thee through those raging flouds
 With lockes disheuered and my brest all bare
 With bended knees vpon *Abidas* shoore,
 I would with smokie sighes and brinish teares,
 Importune *Neptune* and the watry Gods
 To send a guard of silver scaled *Dolphyns*
 With sounding *Tritons* to be our conuoy,
 And to transport vs safe vnto the shore,
 Whilst I would hang about thy louely necke,
 Redoubling kisse on kisse vpon thy cheekes,
 And with our pastime still the swelling waues.

Eme. Should *Polidor* as great³ *Achilles* did,

¹ "my." Editions 1596 and 1607.

² "to passe" omitted in edition 1607.

³ "great" omitted. Edition 1607.

Onely imploy himselfe to follow armes,
 Like to the warlike *Amazonian* Queene
Penthesilea Hectors paramore,
 Who foyld the bloudie *Pirrhus* murderous greeke,
 Ile thrust myselfe amongst the thickest throngs,
 And with my utmost force assist my loue.

Phyle. Let *Eole* storme: be mild and quiet thou,
 Let *Neptune* swell, be *Aurelius* calme and pleased,
 I care not I, betide what may betide,
 Let fates and fortune doo the worst they can
 I recke them not: they not discord with me,
 Whilst that my loue and I do well agree.

Aurel. Sweet *Phylema* bewties mynerall,
 From whence the sun exhales his glorious shine,
 And clad the heauen in thy reflected raies
 And now my liefest loue the time drawes nie,
 That *Himen* mounted in his saffron robe,
 Must with his torches waight vpon thy traine,
 As *Hellens* brothers on the horned Moone,
 Now *Iuno* to thy number shall I adde,
 The fairest bride that euer Marchant had.

Pol. Come faire *Emelia* the preeste is gon,
 And at the church your father and the reste
 Do stay to see our marriage rites performde,
 And knit in sight of heauen this *Gordian* knot,
 That teeth of fretting time may nere untwist,
 Then come faire loue and gratulate with me
 This daies content and sweet solemnity.

Ex. Omnes.

Slie. Sim must they be married now?

Lord. I my Lord.

Enter *Ferando and Kate and Sander.*

Slie. Looke *Sim* the foole is come again now.

Feran. Sirra go fetch our horssees forth and bring
 Them to the backe gate presentlie.

San. I will sir I warrant you.

Exit Sander.

Feran. Come *Kate* the Moone shines cleare to night
Methinkes.

Kate. The moone? why husband you are deceiued
It is the sun.

Feran. Yet againe come backe againe it shall be
The moone ere we come at your fathers.

Kate. Why Ile say as you say it is the moone.

Feran. Iesus saue the glorious moone.

Kate. Iesus saue the glorious moone.

Feran. I am glad *Kate* your stomack is come downe,
I know it well thou knowest it is the sun,
But I did trie to see if thou wouldst speake,
And crosse me now as thou hast donne before,
And trust me *Kate* hadst thou not named the moone,
We had gon back againe as sure as death,
But soft whose this thats comming here.

Enter the *Duke of Cestus* alone.

Duke. Thus all alone from *Cestus* am I come,
And left my princelie courte and noble traine,
To come to *Athens*, and in this disguise,
To see what course my son *Aurelius* takes
But stay, heres some it may be Trauells thether,
Good sir can you derect me the way to *Athens*?

Ferando speakes to the olde man.

Faire louely maide yoong and affable,
More cleere of hew and far more beautifull,
Then pretious *Sardonix* or purple rockes,
Of *Amithests* or glistering *Hiasinthe*,
More amiable farre then is the plain
Where glistring *Cepherus* in siluer boures,
Gaseth vpon the Giant *Andromede*,
Sweete *Kate* entertaine this louely woman.

Duke. I thinke the man is mad he calls me a woman.

Kate. Faire louely lady brighte and Christalline,

Bewteous and stately as the eie traind bird,
 As glorious as the morning washt with dew,
 Within whose eies she takes her dawning beames,
 And golden sommer sleepes vpon thy cheekes,
 Wrap¹ vp thy radiations in some cloud,
 Least that thy bewty make this stately towne
 Inhabitable like the burning *Zone*
 With sweet reflections of thy louely face.

Duke. What is she mad to? or is my shape transformd,
 That both of them perswade me I am a woman,
 But they are mad sure, and therefore Ile begon,
 And leaue their companies for feare of harme,
 And vnto *Athens* hast to seeke my son. *Exit Duke.*

Feran. Why so *Kate* this was friendly done of thee,
 And kindly too, why thus must we two liue,
 One minde, one heart and one content for both,
 This good old man dos thinke that we are mad,
 And glad he is² I am sure, that he is gonne,
 But come sweet *Kate* for we will after him,
 And now perswade him to his shape againe. *Ex Omnes.*

Enter *Alfonso* and *Philotus* and *Valeria Polidor*, *Emelia*,
Aurelius and *Phylema*.

Alfon. Come louely sonnes your marriage rites performed,
 Lets hie vs home to see what cheere we haue,
 I wonder that *Ferando* and his wife
 Comes³ not to see this great solemnitie.

Pol. No maruell if *Ferando* be away,
 His wife I think hath troubled so his wits,
 That he remaines at home to keepe them warme,
 For forward wedlocke as the prouerbe sayes,
 Hath brought him to his night cappe long agoe.

¹ "wrapt." Editions 1596 and 1607. ² "is he." Edition 1607.

³ "come." Editions 1596 and 1607.

Philo. But *Polidor* let my son and you take heede,
 That *Ferando* say not ere long as much to you,
 And now *Alfonso* more to shew my loue,
 If vnto *Cestus* you do send your ships,
 Myselfe will fraught them with *Arabian* silkes,
 Rich affrick spices *Arras* counter poines¹
Muske Cassia : sweet smelling *Ambergreece*,
 Pearle, curroll,² christall, iett and iuorie,
 To gratulate the fauors of my son,
 And friendly loue that you haue shone to him.

Vale. And for to honour him, and this³ faire bride.

Enter the *Duke of Cestus*.

He yerly send you from my⁴ fathers courte,
 Chests of refind suger seuerally,
 Ten tunne of tunis wine, sucket sweet druges,
 To celebrate and solemnise this day
 And custome free your marchants shall conuerse⁵
 And interchange the profits of your land,
 Sending you gold for brasse, siluer for leade,
 Casses of silke for packes of woll and cloth,
 To binde this friendship and confirme this league.

Duke. I am glad sir that you would be so franke,
 Are you become the *Duke of Cestus* son,
 And reuels with my treasure in the towne,
 Base villaine that thus dishonorest me.

Val. Sounes it is the *Duke* what shall I doo
 Dishonour thee why, knowst thou what thou saist?

Duke. Her's no villaine : he will not know me now.
 But what say you ? have you forgot me too ?

Philo. Why sir are you acquainted with my son ?

¹ "pointes." Edition 1607.

² "curtol." Edition 1607.

³ "his." Edition 1607.

⁴ "your." Edition 1607.

⁵ "commerce." Edition 1607.

Duke. With thy son? No trust me if he be thine,
I pray you sir who am I?

Aurel. Pardon me father: humblie on my knees,
I do intreat your grace to heare me speake.

Duke. Peace villaine: lay handes on them,
And send them to prison straight.

Phylotus and Valeria runnes away.

Then *Slie* speakes.

Slie. I say wele haue no sending to prison.

Lord. My Lord this is but the play, theyre but in iest.

Slie. I tell thee *Sim* wele haue no sending,
To prison thats flat: why *Sim* am not I *Don Christo Vary*?
Therefore I say they shall not go to prison.

Lord. No more they shall not my Lord,
They be run away.

Slie. Are they run away *Sim*? thats well,
Then gis some more drinke, and let them play againe.

Lord. Here my Lord.

Slie drinkes and then falls asleepe.

Duke. Ah trecherous boy that durst presume,
To wed thy selfe without thy fathers leaue,
I sweare by fayre *Cintheas* burning rayes
By *Merops* head and by seauen mouthed *Nile*
Had I but knowne ere thou hadst wedded her,
Were in thy brest the worlds immortall soule,
This angrie sword should rip thy hatefull chest,
And hewd thee smaller then the *Libian* sandes,
Turne hence thy face oh cruell impious boy,
Alfonso I did not thinke you would presume
To mach your daughter with my princely house
And nere make me acquainted with the cause:

Alfon. My Lord by heauens I sweare vnto your grace
I knew none other but *Valeria* your man,
Had bin the *Duke* of *Cestus* noble son,
Nor did my daughter I dare sweare for her.

Duke. That damned villaine that hath deluded me,
Whome I did send¹ guide vnto my son
Oh that my furious force could cleaue the earth,
That I might muster bands of hellish feendes,
To rack his heart and teare his impious soule.
The ceaselesse turning of celestiaall orbes,
Kindles not greater flames in flitting aire,
Then passionate anguish of my raging brest.

Aurel. Then let my death sweet father end your grieffe
For I it is that thus haue wrought your woes,
Then be reuengd on me for here I sweare,
That they are innocent of what I did,
Oh had I charge to cut of *Hydraes* hed
To make the toplesse *Alpes* a champion² field
To kill vntamed monsters with my sword,
To trauell dayly in the hottest sun
And watch in winter when the nightes be colde,
I would with gladnesse vndertake them all
And thinke the paine but pleasure that I felt,
So that my noble father at my returne,
Would but forget and pardon my offence.

Phile. Let me intreat your grace vpon my knees,
To pardon him and let my death discharge
The heauy wrath your grace hath vowd gainst him.

Pol. And good my Lord let vs intreat your grace
To purge your stomack of this Melancholy,
Taynt not your princely minde with grieffe my Lord
But pardon and forgiue these louers faults,
That kneeling craue your gracious fauor here.

Emel. Great prince of *Cestus*, let a womans wordes
Intreat a pardon in your lordly brest,
Both for your princely son, and vs my Lord.

¹ "for guide." Editions 1596 and 1607.

² "champaine." Edition 1607.

Duke. Aurelius stand vp I pardon thee,
 I see that vertue will haue enemies,
 And fortune will be thwarting honour still,
 And you faire virgin too I am content,
 To accept you for my daughter since tis don,
 And see you princely vsde in *Cestus* courte.

Phyle. Thankes good my Lord and I no longer liue
 Then I obey and honour you in all.

Alfon. Let me giue thankes vnto your royall grace,
 For this great honor don to me and mine,
 And if your grace will walke vnto my house
 I will in humblest maner I can, show
 The eternall seruice I doo owe your grace.

Duke. Thanks good *Alfonso*, but I came alone,
 And not as did besecme the *Cestian Duke*,
 Nor would I haue it knowne within the towne,
 That I was here and thus without my traine,
 But as I came alone so will I go,
 And leaue my son to solemnise his feast,
 And ere't belong Ile come againe to you,
 And do him honour as beseeemes the son
 Of mightie *Ierobell* the *Cestian Duke*,
 Till when Ile leaue you, Farwell *Aurelius*.

Aurel. Not yet my Lord, Ile bring you to your ship.

Exeunt Omnes.

Slie sleepest.

Lord. Whose within there? come hither sirs my Lords
 Asleepe againe : go take him easily vp,
 And put him in his one¹ apparel againe,
 And lay him in the place where we did find him,
 Iust vnderneath the alehouse side below,
 But see you wake him not in any case.

Boy. It shall be don my Lord come helpe to beare him
 hence,

Exit.

¹ "own." Editions 1596 and 1607.

Enter *Ferando, Aurelius and Polidor and his boy and Valeria and Sander.*

Feran. Come gentlemen now that suppers donne
How shall we spend the time till we go to bed?

Aurel. Faith if you will in triall of our wiues,
Who will come sownest at their husband's call.

Pol. Nay then *Ferando* he must needes sit out,
For he may call I thinke till he be weary,
Before his wife will come before she list.

Feran. Tis well for you that haue such gentle wiues
Yet in this triall will I not sit out,
It may be *Kate* will come as soone as yours.¹

Aurel. My wife comes soonest for a hundred pound.

Pol. I take it. Ile lay as much to youres,
That my wife comes as soone as I do send.

Aurel. How now *Ferando* you dare not lay belike.

Feran. Why true I dare not lay indeede;
But how so little mony on so sure a thing,
A hundred pound: why I haue layd as much
Vpon my dogge, in running at a Deere,
She shall not come so farre for such a trifle,
But will you lay five hundred markes with me,
And whose wife soonest comes when he doth call,
And shewes her selfe most louing vnto him,
Let him inioye the wager I haue laid,
Now what say you? dare you aduenture thus?

Pol. I weare it a thousand pounds I durst presume
On my wiues loue: and I will lay with thee.

Enter *Alfonso.*

Alfon. How now sons what in conference so hard,
May I without offence, know whereabouts.

¹ "as soone as I do send." Edition 1607.

Aurel. Faith father a waighly cause about our wiues
 Fiue hundred markes already we haue layd,
 And he whose wife doth shew most loue to him,
 He must inioie the wager to himselfe.

Alfon. Why then *Ferando* he is sure to lose,¹
 I promise thee son thy wife will hardly come,
 And therefore I would not wish thee lay so much.

Feran. Tush father were it ten times more,
 I durst aduenture on my louely *Kate*,
 But if I lose Ile pay, and so shall you.

Aurel. Vpon mine honour if I loose Ile pay.

Pol. And so will I vpon my faith I vow.

Feran. Then sit we downe and let vs send for them.

Alfon. I promise thee *Ferando* I am afraid thou wilt lose.

Aurel. Ile send for my wife first, *Valeria*
 Go bid your Mistris come to me.

Val. I will my Lord.

Exit Valeria.

Aurel. Now for my hundred pound.
 Would any lay ten hundred more with me,
 I know I should obtaine it by her loue.

Feran. I pray God you haue not laid too much already.

Aurel. Trust me *Ferando* I am sure you haue,
 For you I dare presume haue lost it all.

Enter *Valeria* againe.

Now sirra what saies your mistris ?

Val. She is something busie but shele come anon.

Feran. Why so, did I not tell you this before,
 She is² busie and cannot come.

Aurel. I pray God your wife send you so good an answere.
 She may be busie yet she sayes shele come.

Feran. Well well : *Polidor* send you for your wife.

¹ "lose it." Edition 1607.

² "*was* busie." Edition 1607.

Pol. Agreed: *Boy* desire your mistress to come hither.

Boy. I will sir.

Ex Boy.

Feran. I so so he desires her to come.

Alfon. Polidor I dare presume for thee,
I thinke thy wife will not deny to come,
And I do maruell much *Aurelius*,
That your wife came not when you sent for her.

Enter the *Boy* againe.

Pol. Now wheres your Mistress?

Boy. She bad me tell you that she will not come
And you haue any businesse you must come to her.

Feran. Oh monstrous intollerable presumption,
Worse then a blasing starre, or snow at midsommer,
Earthquakes or any thing vnseasonable,
She will not come: but he must come to her.

Pol. Well sir I pray you lets here what
Answered your wife will make.

Feran. Sirra command your Mistress to come
To me presentlie.

Exit Sander.

Aurel. I thinke my wife for all she did not come,
Will proue most kinde for now I haue no feare,
For I am sure *Ferandos* wife she will not come.

Feran. The mores the pittie: then I must lose.

Enter *Kate* and *Sander*.

But I haue won for see where *Kate* doth come.

Kate. Sweet husband did you send for me?

Feran. I did my loue I sent for thee to come,
Come hither *Kate*, whats that vpon thy head.

Kate. Nothing husband but my cap I thinke.

Feran. Pull it of and treade it vnder thy feete,
Tis foolish I will not haue thee weare it.

She takes of her cap and treads on it.

Pol. Oh wounderfull metamorphosis.

Aurel. This is a wonder almost past beleefe.

Feran. This is a token of her true loue to me,
And yet Ile trie her further you shall see,
Come hither *Kate* where are thy sisters.

Kate. They be sitting in the bridall chamber.

Feran. Fetch them hither and if they will not come,
Bring them perforce and make them come with thee.

Kate. I will.

Alfon. I promise thee *Ferando* I would haue sworne
Thy wife would nere haue donne so much for thee.

Feran. But you shall see she will do more then this
For see where she brings her sisters forth by force.

Enter *Kate* thrusting *Phylema* and *Emelia* before her, and
makes them come vnto their husbands call.

Kate. See husband I haue brought them both.

Feran. Tis well don *Kate*.

Eme. I sure and like a louing peece your worthy
To haue great praise for this attempt.

Phyle. I for making a foole of her selfe and vs.

Aurel. Beshrew thee *Phylema*, thou hast
Lost me a hundred pound to night,
For I did lay that thou wouldst first haue come.

Pol. But thou *Emelia* hast lost me a great deale more.

Eme. You might haue kept it better then,
Who bad you lay?

Feran. Now louely *Kate* before there husbands here,
I prethe tell vnto these hedstrong women
What dutie wiues doo owe vnto their husbands.

Kate. Then you that liue thus by your pompered¹ wills
Now list to me and marke what I shall say
The'ternall power that with his only breath,
Shall cause this end and this beginning frame,

¹ "pampered." Editions 1596 and 1607.

Not in time, nor before time, but with time, confusd,
 For all the course of yeares, of ages, moneths,
 Of seasons temperate, of dayes and houres,
 Are tund and stopt, by measure of his hand,
 The first world was a forme without a forme,
 A heape confusd a mixture all deformd,
 A gulfe of gulfes, a body bodiles,
 Where all the elements were orderles,
 Before the great commander of the world
 The King of Kings the glorious God of heauen,
 Who in six daies did frame his heauenly worke
 And made all things to stand in perfit course,
 Then to his image he did make a man.
 Olde *Adam* and from his side asleepe,
 A rib was taken, of which the Lord did make,
 The woe of man so termd by *Adam* then,
 Woman for that, by her came sinne to vs,
 And for her sin was *Adam* doomd to die,
 As *Sara* to her husband so should we
 Obey them, loue them, keepe, and nourish them
 If they by any meanes doo want our helpes,
 Laying our handes vnder theire feete to tread,
 If that by that we, might procure there ease,
 And for a president Ile first begin
 And lay my hand vnder my husbands feete.
 She laies her hand vnder her husbands feete.

Feran. Inough sweet, the wager thou hast won,
 And they I am sure cannot denie the same.

Alfon. I *Ferando* the wager thou hast won,
 And for to shew thee how I am pleasd in this,
 A hundred poundes I freely giue thee more,
 Another dowry for another daughter,
 For she is not the same she was before.

Feran. Thankes sweet father, gentlemen godnight
 For *Kate* and I will leaue you for to night,

Tis *Kate* and I am wed, and you are sped.
And so farwell for we will to our beds.

Exit Ferando and Kate and Sander.

Alfon. Now *Aurelius* what say you to this?

Aurel. Beleeue me father I reioice to see

Ferando and his wife so louingly agree.

*Exit Aurelius and Phylema and Alfonso
and Valeria.*

Eme. How now *Polidor* in a dump, what sayst thou man?

Pol. I say thou art a shrew.

Eme. Thats better then a sheepe.

Pol. Well since tis don let it go, come lets in.¹

Exit² Polidor and Emelia.

Then enter two bearing of *Slie* in his
Owne apparrell againe and leaues him
Where they found, him, and then goes out.
Then enter the *Tapster*.

Tapster. Now that the darkesome night is ouerpast,
And dawning day appeares in chrystall sky,
Now must I hast abroad: but soft whose this?
What *Slie* oh wondrous hath he laine here allnight,
Ile wake him, I thinke he's starued by this,
But that his belly was so stuff with ale,
What how³ *Slie*, Awake for shame.

Slie. *Sim* gis some more wine, whats⁴ all the
Plaiers gon: am not I a Lord?

Tapster. A lord with a murrin: come art thou dronken
still?

¹ In edition 1607 the whole line is thus:—

“Well since tis done come lets goe.”

² “*Exeunt.*” Edition 1607.

³ “now.” Editions 1596 and 1607.

⁴ “what.” Edition 1607.

Slie. Whose this? *Tapster*, oh Lord sirra, I haue had
The brauest dreame to night, that euer thou
Hardest in all thy life.

Tapster. I¹ marry but you had best get you home,
For your wife will course you for dreaming here tonight

Slie. Will she? I know now how to tame a shrew,
I dreamt vpon it all this night till now,
And thou hast wakt me out of the best dreame
That euer I had in my life, but Ile to my
Wife presently and tame her too.
And² if she anger me.

Tapster. Nay tarry *Slie* for Ile go home with thee,
And heare the rest that thou hast dreamt to night.

Exeunt Omnes.

¹ "yea." Edition 1607.

² "and" is omitted in edition 1607.

FINIS.



A MERRY JEST
OF A
SHREWD AND CURST WIFE
LAPPED IN
MOREL'S SKIN,
FOR HER GOOD BEHAVIOUR.

The following humorous tale in verse has no especial relation in its incidents to Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew," and consequently none to the older comedy reprinted on the preceding pages; but it is of a similar character, and has always been mentioned in connection with both: it is therefore appended, in order that the ancient materials existing in the time of our great dramatist, and most likely well known to him, may be at one view before the reader. Regarding the merit of "The Wife lapped in Morels Skin," as a piece of popular poetry, there can be no dispute. The author of it is unknown: at the end, we read "Finis, quoth Mayster Charme her," but that is evidently an assumed name.

The poem was included by Mr. Utterson, in 1817, in his two excellent and amusing volumes; but our edition has been made from a fresh collation (for which we are indebted to Mr. Halliwell) with the original copy (wanting one leaf) in the Bodleian Library, so that it differs in no other respect than that we have not adopted the black-letter type. When Mr. Utterson republished it, he apprehended that the entry in the Stationers' Registers, in 1594, referred to it; for, in 1817, the copies of the old "Taming of a Shrew," of 1594 and 1596, had not been discovered. It is to the first of these, unquestionably, that the memorandum in the Stationers' Registers relates.

It was long supposed that only two copies of "The Wife lapped in Morels Skin" were known; but this now appears to be a mistake, although it is certainly a production of great rarity. It came from the press of Hugh Jackson, without date, but about 1550 or 1560, under the following title:—

"Here begynneth a merry Ieste of a shrewde and curste Wyfe, lapped in Morrelles Skin, for her good behauyour. — Imprinted at London in Fleetestrete, beneath the Conduite, at the signe of Saint Iohn Euangelist, by H. Jackson."

The only differences in the colophon are, that the word "Saint" is represented by the capital initial, and that the printer's Christian name is given at length. The popularity of the poem is not to be doubted; and in Langham's celebrated "Letter from Kenilworth," 1575, "the wife lapt in Morels skin" is enumerated as one of the stories which Captain Cox had "at hiz fingers endz."—See Collier's "Bridgewater Catalogue," p. 163.

THE
WIFE LAPPED IN MORELS SKIN.

Lysten, friendes, and holde you still,
Abide a while and dwell :
A mery Iest tell you I will,
And how that it befell.
As I went walking vpon a day,
Among my friendes to sporte :
To an house I tooke the way,
To rest me for my comforte.

A greate feast was kepte there than,
And many one was thereat :
With wyues and maydens, and many a good man,
That made good game and chat,
It befell then at that tyde
An honest man was there :
A cursed Dame sate by his syde,
That often did him dere.

His wife she was, I tell you playne,
This dame, ye may me trowe :
To play the maister she would not layne
And make her husband bowe.
At euery word that she did speake,
To be peace he was full fayne,
Or else she would take him on the cheeke,
Or put him to other payne.

When she did winke, he durste not stere,
Nor play where euer he wente,
With friend or neighbour to make good chere,
Whan she her browes bente.
These folke had two maydens fayre and free,
Which were their daughters dere :
This is true, beleuee you me,
Of condicions was none their pere.

The yongest was meeke, and gentle ywys,
Her Fathers condicion she had :
The eldest her mothers withouten misse,
Sometime franticke, and sometime mad.
The father had his pleasure in the one alway,
And glad he was her to behold :
The mother in the other, this is no nay,
For in all her curstnesse she made her bolde.

And at the last she was in fay,
As curste as her mother in word and deede,
Her mischieuous pageauntes sometime to play,
Which caused her fathers heart to bleede :
For he was woe and nothing glad,
And of her would fayne be rid :
He wished to God that some man her had,
But yet to maryage he durst her not bid.

Full many there came the yongest to haue,
But her father was loth her to forgoe :
None there came the eldest to craue,
For feare it should turne them to woe.
The Father was loth any man to beguile,
For he was true and iust withall,
Yet there came one within a while,
That her demaunded in the Hall.

Another there came right soone also,
The yongest to haue he would be fayne,
Which made the fathers heart full woe,
That he and the yongest should parte in twayne.
But the mother was fell, and might her not see,
Wherefore of her she would haue bene rid :
The yong man full soone she graunted pardy,
Greate Golde and syluer with her she bid.

Saying, full soone he would her haue,
And wedded they were, shorte tale to make :
The Father sayd, so God me saue,
For heauinesse and sorrowe I tremble and quake.
Also his hearte was in greate care,
How he should bestowe the eldest y wys,
Which should make his purse full bare :
Of her he would be rid by heauens blisse.

As hap was that this yong man should
Desyre the eldest withouten fayle :
To maryage, he sayd, full fayne he would,
That he might her haue for his auayle.
The father sayd with wordes anon,
Golde and syluer I would thee giue :
If thou her marry, by sweete Saynt John,
But thou shouldest repent it all thy liue.

She is conditioned, I tell thee playne,
Moste like a Fiend, this is no nay :
Her Mother doth teach her, withouten layne,
To be mayster of her husband another day.
If thou shouldest her marry, and with her not gree,
Her mother thou shouldest haue alway in thy top :
By night and day that shouldest vex thee,
Which sore would sticke then in thy crop.

And I could not amend it, by God of might,
For I dare not speake my selfe for my life :
Sometime among, be it wrong or right,
I let her haue all for feare of strife.
If I ought say she doth me treat,
Except I let her haue her will,
As a childe that should be beate
She will me charme : the Deuill her kill.

Another thing thou must vnderstande,
Her mother's good will thou must haue also :
If she be thy friend, by sea or by lande
Amisse with thee then can it not go.
For she doth her loue with all her minde,
And would not see her fare amisse :
If thou to her dareleng could be kinde,
Thou couldest not want, by heauens blisse.

If thou to the mother now wilt seeke,
Behaue thy selfe then like a man :
And shew thy selfe both humble and meeke,
But when thou haste her, doe what thou can.
Thou wotest what I sayd to thee before,
I counsayle thee marke my wordes well :
It weare greate pittie, thou werte forlore,
With such a deuillishe Fende of hell.

I care not for that, the yong man sayd :
If I can get the mothers good will,
I would be glad to haue that mayde,
Me thinketh she is withouten euell.
Alas ! good man, I am sorry for thee,
That thou wilt cast thy selfe away,
Thou art so gentle and so free :
Thou shalt neuer tame her, I dare well say.

But I haue done, I will say no more,
 Therfore farewell, and goe thy way :
 Remember what I sayd to thee before,
 And beware of repentaunce another day.

*How the yong man departed from the Father, and sought
 to the Mother for to haue the mayde to mariage.*

Now is the yong man come to the dame,
 With countenaunce glad, and manners demure :
 Saying to her, God keepe you from blame,
 With your dere daughter so fayre and pure.
 She welcommeth agayne the fayre yong man,
 And bid him come neare, gentle friende :
 Full curteously he thanked the good dame than,
 And thought her wordes full good and kinde.

Then he began, I shall you tell,
 Unto the mother thus to say,
 With wordes fayre that become him well,
 For her deare daughter thus to pray :
 Saying, good dame, now by your leaue,
 Take it for none euell though I come here,
 If you to me good leaue would giue,
 With you right fayne would I make good chere.

The dame sayd : syt downe, a while abyde,
 Good chere anon than will we make :
 My daughter shall sit downe by thy syde,
 I know well thou comdest onely for her sake.
 You say full true forsooth, sayd he,
 My minde is stedfastly on her set :
 To haue that mayde fayre and free,
 I would be fayne, if I coulde her get.

The mother thanked him for his good will,
That he her daughter so did desyre :
Saying, I hope you come for none euell,
But in good honesty her to requyre.
For if ye did, I will be playne,
Right soone it shoulde turne you vnto griefe,
And also your comming I would disdayne,
And bid you walke with a wylde mischiefe.

But surely I take you for none of those,
Your condiscions shew it in no wise :
Wherefore me thinke you doe not glose,
Nor I will not counsell you by mine aduise.
For I loue my Daughter as my harte,
And loth I were, I will be playne,
To see her suffer payne and smarte,
For if I did my harte were slayne.

If that thou shouldest another day
My daughter haue, and her good will,
Order her then vnto her pay
As reason requireth, it is good skill.
In women sometime great wisdom is,
And in men full little it is often seene,
But she is wise withouten mis,
From a yong child vp she hath so beene.

Therefore to her thou must audience giue
For thine owne profite, when she doth speake,
And than shalt thou in quiet liue,
And much strife thus shalte thou breake.
Howe sayest thou, yong man, what is thy minde ?
Wouldest thou her haue, my doughter dere ?
Than to her thou must be kinde,
And alway ready to make her good chere.

For an C. li. of money haue thou shalte,
Of Syluer and eke of Golde so round,
With an C. quarters of Corne and malte,
And xl. acres of good ground :
If thou wilt liue with her like a man,
Thou shalt her haue, and this will I giue,
And euer after while I can,
Be thy good Mother as long as I liue.

And I will speake to my daughter for thee,
To know if it be her will also :
If she be content, my daughter free,
Then together may ye go.
The mother demaunded her daughter than,
If that she could fynde in her minde,
With all her harte to loue that yong man,
So that he to her would be kinde ?

She sayd, yea, mother, as you wyll,
So will I doe in worde and deede :
I trust he commeth for none yll,
Therefore the better may we speede.
But I would haue one that hath some good,
As well as I, good reason is :
Me thinke he is a lusty blood,
But gooddes there must be withouten misse.

The yong man was glad these wordes to here,
And thanked the mother of her good will,
Beholding the Mayden with right mild cheare,
And prayed her hartely to be still :
Saying to her then in this wise,
Mine heart, my loue, my dearling deare,
Take no displeasure of my enterprise,
That I desyre to be your peare.

The mother thanked him for his good will,
That he her daughter so did desyre :
Saying, I hope you come for none euell,
But in good honesty her to requyre.
For if ye did, I will be playne,
Right soone it shoulde turne you vnto grieve,
And also your comming I would disdayne,
And bid you walke with a wyld mischiefe.

But surely I take you for none of those,
Your condiscions shew it in no wise :
Wherefore me thinke you doe not glose,
Nor I will not counsell you by mine aduise.
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Saying to her then in this wise,
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Take no displeasure of my enterprise,
That I desyre to be your peare.

I am not riche of Gold nor fee,
Nor of greate marchandise, ye shall vnderstand,
But a good Crafte I haue, pardee,
To get our liuing in any land :
And in my heart I can well fynde,
You for to loue aboue all other,
For euermore to you to be kynde,
And neuer forsake you for none other.

Lyke a woman I will you vse,
And doe you honour, as ye should doe me :
And for your sake all other refuse,
As good reason is it should so be.
By my trouth, but well you say,
And me thinke by your countenaunce ywis,
That ye should not another day,
For no cause deale with me amis.

And in you I hope pleasure to take,
If ye woulde be gentle as ye should,
And neuer none other for your sake,
To marry for a M. pound of gold.
But sometime ye must me a little forbear,
For I am hasty, but it is soone done :
In my fume I doe nothing feare,
Whatsoever thereof to me become.

And I cannot refrayne me in no wise,
For I haue it by nature a parte y wis.
It was wont to be my mothers guise,
Sometime to be mayster withouten misse :
And so must I, by God, now and than,
Or else I would thinke it should not be well,
For though ye were neuer so good a man,
Sometime among I will beare the bell.

And therefore tell me with wordes playne,
 If ye can be pacient what time it is,
 To suffer me with a little payne,
 Though that you thinke I doe amisse?
 Or else say nay, and make a shorte ende,
 And soone we shall asonder departe :
 Then at your liberty you may hence wend,
 Yet I doe loue you with all my harte.

The yong man was glad of her loue, in fay,
 But loth he was master her for to make,
 And bethought him what her father before did saye,
 When he on wooing his iorney did take :
 And so consented to all her will,
 When he aduised him what he should doe.
 He sayd, ye may me saue or spill,
 For ye haue my loue, sweete heart, and no moe.

The mother, hearing this, for the father sente,
 Shewing to him what was befall :
 Wherewith he was right well content,
 Of all their promises in generall.
 Upon this greement they departed then,
 To prepare all thinges for the feast :
 Glad was the bride and her spouse then,
 That they were come to this beheast.

*Howe the Bryde was maryed with her Father and Mothers
 good wyll.*

The day approched, the time drue neare,
 That they should be wedded withouten misse :
 The Bryde was glad and made good cheare,
 For she thought to make greate ioye and blisse,

The mother thanked him for his good will,
That he her daughter so did desyre :
Saying, I hope you come for none euell,
But in good honesty her to requyre.
For if ye did, I will be playne,
Right soone it shoulde turne you vnto grieve,
And also your comming I would disdayne,
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Saying to her then in this wise,
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Take no displeasure of my enterprise,
That I desyre to be your peare.

She gave them also both carte and plow,
 And bid them alway to doe well,
 And God should send them good ynow,
 If they did marke what she did tell.
 Before the people in this Hall
 I will say and to thee rehearse :
 An hundred pound now geue thee I shall,
 But harken fyrst vnto my vearse.

Thou haste here my daughter deare,
 A pleasaunt thing it is :
 In all the countrey I know not her peare,
 So haue I parte of blisse ;
 For she is wyse and fayre with all,
 And will nothing cast away :
 I trow there be now none in this hall,
 That better can saue all thing in fay.

Nor better doth know what doth behoue
 Unto an house or huswiuery,
 Then she doth, which causeth me to moue
 This matter to thee so busily.
 She can carde, she can spin,
 She can thresh, and she can fan :
 She can helpe thee good to win,
 For to keepe thee like a man.

And here is an hundred pound in Golde
 To set thee vp, thy crafte to vse :
 Wherefore I am playne, I would thou should
 In no maner of wise thy selfe abuse,
 To striue with my daughter or her to intreate,
 For any thing that she shall doe
 Here after, my child therefore to beate,
 It should turne playnely to thy greate woe.

O ! my deare mother, take no displeasure,
Till you haue cause what so befall,
But vse your selfe alwaye by measure,
For other cause none haue you shall.
My wyfe and I full well shall gree,
I trust to God in throne :
She is my loue, and euer shall be,
And none but she alone.

O ! my deare sonne, thou makest me glad,
Which before was full of sorrowe :
For my deare daughter I was full sad,
But now I say, our Lord to borrow,
Thou geuest me good comfort : now fare wel care,
Here is thy hundred pound :
I pray God geue thee well to fare,
And kepe thee whole and sound.

I thanke you dere mother, the yong man sayd,
Of your good gifte and daughter deare :
Me thinkes she is the worthiest mayde,
In all this Lande, withouten peare.
I hoape to liue with her alway
So gentelly, that she shall fynde,
And you, her mother, I dare well say,
In euery season gentle and kynde.

The people, standing them to behold,
Regarded the wordes of the Brydegrome than,
And sayd, he aunswered with wordes cold,
Which become full well the good yong man.
And then they prest forth ech after other,
With golde and syluer, and riche giftes eake ;
And many a scorne they gaue the mother,
But euer they praysed the yong man meeke.

To whome he gaue thankes with all his mighte,
As honesty requyreth him to doe :
He ordred himselfe alway aright,
Yet they thought all he should haue woe ;
For he was matched so ywys,
That he could not wante for sorrow in fay,
But alway hampred, withouten misse,
Of mother and daughter, for euer and aye.

When all was done they gan depart,
And tooke their leaue full friendly thoe,
Thanking ech other with all their harte,
And on their way home they gan go.
The father and mother thanked them all,
The Bryde and Brydegrome also, without mis,
Did thanke the company in generall,
Departing from them with ioy and blisse.

Then they went home while it was day,
And lefte the Bryde and Brydegrome there,
And they that did abide there, in good fay,
They made at euen agayne good cheare.
And after supper they did make good sporte,
With dauncing and springing as was the vse :
Yong people by other there did resorte,
To no mans hynder nor confuse.

After that all sportes were ended and done,
And that the bryde should goe to bed,
About the hall they daunced soone,
And suddaynly away the bryde was led,
To take her rest with her dere spouse,
As reason would it should so be :
Euen as the cat was wonte with the mouse
To play, forsoth euen so did he.

The next morning, if that ye will heare,
The mother did come to their bedsyde,
Demaunding them what was their cheare,
And the Bryde began her head to hyde ;
Saying to her, as one ashamed,
I wys, deare mother, I would ye were gone :
Or ye came heare I was not blamed
For being in his armes heare all alone.

Myne own deare daughter, be not displeased,
Though I doe let you of your disport :
I would be loath ye were diseased,
But you shall haue a cawdell for your comforte.
A while I will goe and let you alone,
Till ye be ready for to ryse.
And sodaynely the mother was from them gone
To make the cawdell after the best wise.

When that the mother departed was,
They dallyed together and had good game :
He hit her awry ; she cryed, alas !
What doe ye man ? hold vp for shame.
I will sweete wife, then gan he say,
Fulfill your mynde both loud and still ;
But ye be able, I sweare in fay,
In all sportes to abide my will.

And they wrestled so long beforne,
That this they had for their greate meade :
Both shyrt and smock was all to torne,
That their vprysyng had no speede.
But yet the mother came agayne,
And sayd to her daughter, how doest thou nowe ?
Mary, mother, betweene us twayne,
Our shyrtes be torne, I make God auowe.

By Gods dere mother, she sware than,
 This order with vs may not continue :
 I will no more lye by this man,
 For he doth me brast both vayne and sinew.
 Nay, nay, deare mother, this world goeth on wheeles :
 By sweet Saynt George ye may me trowe,
 He lyeth kicking with his heeles,
 That he is like to beare me a blow.

My owne deare daughter, if thy smock be asonder,
 Another thou shalte haue then, by this light :
 I pray thee hartely doo thou not wonder,
 For so was I dealt with the fyrst night
 That I by thy father lay, by the roode,
 And I doe thee with wordes playne :
 Me thought neuer night to me so good,
 As that same was when I tooke such payne.

Why, mother, were ye then glad
 To be thus delt with as I am now ?
 Me thinke my husband worse then mad,
 For he doth excede, I make God auow.
 I could not lye still, nor no rest take,
 Of all this night, beleue ye me :
 Sometime on my syde, and sometime on my backe,
 He rolde and layd me, so mote I thee.

And from the beds head vnto the beds feete,
 A cloth we had not vs for to decke,
 Neyther our couerlet, nor yet our sheete,
 That I pray God the deuell him checke ;
 For I am ashamed, my mother deare,
 Of this nightes rest, by God in throne :
 Before our friendes I dare not appeare,
 Would to Gods passion I had layne alone !

Nay, nay, deare daughter, be not ashamed,
For here is nothing done amis :
They be more worthy to be blamed,
That hereof thinketh shame y wys ;
For this is honesty for thee and vs all,
And a new smock I will thee fet ;
And eke for thee, my sonne, I shall
For thy true laboure a new shyрте get.

And soone of these they were both sped,
The daughter, and eake the sonne also :
Full quickly they rose out of their bed,
And with their mother they gan go
Abroade among their friendes all,
Which bid them good lucke, and eake good grace :
The cawdell was ready there in the Hall,
With myrth and glee for their solace.

Thus ended the feast with sporte and play,
And all their friendes, each with other,
Did take their leaue and went their way,
From Bryde, and Brydegrome, with father and mother ;
Which right hartely did thanke them tho,
So did the Bryde, and Brydegrome eke ;
Yet when the friendes were all ago,
This yong folke abode with the mother all the weeke.

The father was glad to see them agree,
So was the mother, by heauen queene ;
And sayd eche to other, so mote I thee,
I thought not so well it should haue beene
Betweene them twayne as it is now ;
And therefore alone here shall they bide :
We will leaue them all, I make God auowe,
And go to dwell in our house harde beside.

At shorte conclusyon they went their way,
Leuing their children all that was there,
And come not agayne of many a day,
For their deare daughter to inquere.
Thus they bode together than :
He set vp his shop with haberdash ware,
As one that would be a thriuing man,
To get great goods for his welfare.

And after that he tooke greate payne
To order his plowes and cattell also :
He kepte both boye, and also swayne,
That to the carte and plow did goe.
And some kepte neate, and some kept sheepe,
Some did one thing, some did another,
But when they came home to haue their meate,
The wife played the deuell then, like her mother.

With countenaunce grim, and wordes smart,
She gaue them meate, and bad them brast.
The pore folke that come from plow and carte,
Of her lewde wordes they were agast ;
Saying eche to other, what dame is this ?
The deuill I trow hath brought vs here :
Our mayster shall know it, by heauens blisse,
That we will not serue him another yeare.

The good man was fourth in the towne abroad,
About other thinges, I you say :
When he came homewarde he met with a goade,
One of his carters was going away :
To whome he sayde, Lob, whether goest thou ?
The carter spyde his master than,
And sayd to him, I make God auow,
No longer with thy wife abide I can.

Mayster, he sayd, by Gods blist,
Our dame is the deuell, thou mayst me beleue :
If thou haue sought her, thou haste not miste
Of one that full often thee shall greeue.
By God, a man thou canst not haue
To go to carte, ne yet to plow,
Neyther boy, nor yet knaue,
By Gods deare mother I make God auow,

That will bide with thee day or night.
Our Dame is not for vs, for she doth curse :
When we shall eate or drinke with right,
She bannes and frownes, that we be all the worse.
We be not vsed, where euer we wende,
To be sorely looked on for eating of our meat.
The deuell, I trow, vs to thee send :
God helpe vs a better maystres to get.

Come on thy way, Lob, and turne agayne ;
Go home with me, and all shall be well :
An Oxe for my meyny shall be slayne,
And the hyde at the market I will sell.
Upon this together home they went :
The good man was angry in his minde,
But yet to his wife, with good intent,
He sayd, sweete heart, you be vnkinde.

Entreate our meyny well alway,
And geue them meate and drinke ynough ;
For they get our liuing every day,
And theirs also, at carte and plough.
Therefore I would that they should haue
Meate and drinke to their behoue ;
For, my sweete wife, so God me saue,
Ye will doe so, if ye me loue.

Gyue them what thou wilt, I doe not care,
 By day nor night, man, beleue thou me :
 What euer they haue, or how they fare,
 I pray God euell mote they thee.
 And specially that horeson that doth complayne,
 I will quite him once if euer I liue ;
 I will dash the knaue vpon the brayne,
 That euer after it shall him greeue.

What ! my deare wife, for shame, be still ;
 This is a payne such wordes to heare :
 We can not alwayes haue our will,
 Though that we were a kinges pere.
 For to shame a knaue what can they get ?—
 Thou arte as lewde, for God, as they,
 And therefore shalt thou serue them of meate,
 And drinke also, from hence alway.

What ! wife, ye be to blame,
 To speake to me thus in this wise :
 If we should striue, folke woud speake shame,
 Therefore be still in mine aduise.
 I am loth with you to striue,
 For ought that you shall doe or say.
 I sweare to Christ, wife, by my liue,
 I had rather take Morell, and ryde my way,

To seeke mine aduenture, till your moode be past.
 I say to you these manners be not good,
 Therefore I pray you that this be the last,
 Of your furious anger that semeth so wood.
 What can it auayle you me for to greeue,
 That loueth you so well as I doe mine harte ?
 By my trouth, wife, you may me beleue,
 Such toyes as these be woud make vs both smarte.

Smarte in the twenty fayning Deuelles name !
That liste me once well for to see :
I pray God geue the[e] euell shame !
What shouldest thou be, werte not for me ?
A ragge on thine arse thou shouldest not haue,
Excepte my friendes had geuen it thee :
Therefore I tell thee well, thou drunken knaue,
Thou arte not he that shall rule me.

O ! good wife, cease, and let this ouerpasse :
For all your great anger and hye wordes eake,
I am mine owne selfe, euen as I was,
And to you will be louing, and also meeke ;
But if ye should doe thus, as ye doe begin,
It may not continue no time ywys :
I would not let for kyth nor kin,
To make you mend all thinges that is amys.

Make me ! mary, out vpon the dreuill,
Sayest thou that ? wilte thou beginne ?
I pray God and our Lady, that a foule euill
Lyghten vpon thee and all thy kinne.
By Gods deare blest, vex me no more,
For if thou doe thou shalte repente ;
I haue yet somewhat for thee in store.
And with that a staffe in her hand she hent.

At him full soone then she let flee,
And whorled about her as it had bene a man :
Her husband then was fayne perdy
To voyde her stroake, and goe his way than.
By Gods deare mother, then gan she sweare,
From henceforth I will make thee bow ;
For I will trim thee in thy geare,
Or else I would I were cald a sow.

Fye on all wretches that be like thee,
In worde or worke both lowde and still !
I sweare by him that made man free,
Of me thou shalte not haue thy will,
Now nor neuer, I tell thee playne,
For I will haue Golde and riches ynow,
When thou shalte goe iagged as a simple swain,
With whip in hande at carte and plough.

Of that, my deare wife, I take no scorne,
For many a goodman with minde and harte
Hath gone to plough and carte beforne
My time y wys, with payne and smarte,
Which now be rich, and haue good at will,
Being at home, and make good cheare ;
And there they intend to leade their life still,
Till our Lord doe sende for them heare.

But now I must ryde a little way :
Deare wife, I will come right soone agayne.
Appoynt our dinner, I you pray,
For I doe take on me great payne :
I doe my best, I sweare by my life,
To order you like a woman y wys ;
And yet it cannot be withouten strife,
Through your lewde tongue, by heauens blisse.

Ryde to the Deuell, and to his dame,
I would I should thee neuer see !
I pray God send thee mickle shame,
In any place where euer thou be.
Thou wouldest fayne the mayster play,
But thou shalte not, by God I make thee sure :
I sweare I will thy Peticote pay,
That long with me thou shalte not endure.

*How the good man rode his way, till he thoughte her anger
was past ; and then he retourned home agayne.*

The good man was sorry, and wente his way
About his busynes, as he was vsed,
And to himselfe thus gan he say :
Lord God, how was I thus abused !
When I tooke this wife I was worse then mad,
And yet can I blame my selfe and none other,
Which maketh me sigh and often be sad,
Repenting full sore, by Gods deare Mother.

Fye vpon goods withouten pleasure !
Betweene man and wife that cannot agree,
It is a payne far passing measure,
Such stryfe to see where as loue should be :
For there was neuer man y wys
So hampered with one wife as I am now,
Wherefore I thinke, withouten misse,
She shall repent it, I make God auow.

Except she turne and change her minde,
And eake her conditions euerichone,
She shall fynde me to her so vnkinde,
That I shall her coyle both backe and bone,
And make her blew and also blacke,
That she shall grone agayne for woe ;
I will make her bones all to cracke,
Without that she her condicions forgoe.

I was neuer so vexte this time beforne,
As I am now of this wife alone ;
A vengeance on her that euer she was borne,
For she maketh me often full woe begon !

And I cannot tell where me to tourne
Nor me to wende, by God in faye,
Which cause me often for to mourne,
Or yet to know what for to say.

I am worse then mad or wood,
And yet I am loth with her to begin :
I feare me I shall neuer make her good,
Except I do wrap her in black Morels skin,
That can no more drawe at plough ne carte.
It shall be to late to call for her kinne,
When she beginneth once for to smarte,
For little ease thereby she shall winne.

Morell is olde, he can labour no more,
Nor doe no good but alway eate ;
I trowe, I haue kept him thus long in store,
To worke a charme that shall be feate.
The horeson is blynde and lame also,
Behynde and before, he cannot stere ;
When he from the stable to the streete should go,
He falleth downe ryght than in the myre.

Yet I am loth him for to kyll,
For he hath done me good seruice or nowe ;
But if my wyfe fulfyll not my wyll,
I must him flea, by God I trowe.
But at thys poynt nowe will I be :
I wyll be mayster, as it is reason,
And make her subiect vnto me,
For she must learne a newe lesson.

Her father did warne me of this beforne,
How I should it finde in euery degree,
But I did take it for halfe a scorne,
And would not beleue him then, perdee.

But now I perceauē it very well
 He did it for good will y wis ;
 Wherefore I thinke that Morels fell
 Must mend all thing that is amis.

Thus he that will not beleēue his friend,
 As her deare father was vnto me,
 He is worthy for to fynde
 Alway greate payne and misery.
 But I may not choose him to beleēue,
 For the deede doth proue him selfe in fay ;
 Euer she is redy me for to greeue,
 And thinkes to continue so alway.

But now I will home to proue her minde,
 And see what welcome I shall haue ;
 She may be to me so vnkinde
 That she shall repent it, so God me saue :
 For if I should of her complayne,
 Folke would me mock, and giue me scorne,
 And say, I were worthy of this payne,
 Because it was shewed me so well beforne.

*How the goodman was welcommed when he retourned
 home agayne.*

The good man came ryding to the gate,
 And knocked as he had bene wode ;
 His seruauent right soone did meete him thereat,
 And bid him welcome with right milde moode.
 The mayster sayd, what doth my dame now ?
 Is she as frantick yet as she was ?
 Than will I tame her, I make God anow,
 And make her sing full loude alas.

Where arte thou, wife ? shall I haue any meate,
 Or am I not so welcome vnto thee,
 That at my commaundement I shall ought get,
 I pray thee hartely soone tell thou me ?
 If thou doe not serue me, and that anon,
 I shall thee shew mine anger y wis :
 I sweare by God, and by saynt John,
 Thy bones will I swaddle, so haue I blisse.

Forth she came, as brym a bore,
 And like a dog she rated him than,
 Saying thus, I set no store
 By thee, thou wretch, thou arte no man :
 Get thee hence out of my sight,
 For meate nor drink thou gettest none heare ;
 I sweare to thee by Mary bright,
 Of me thou gettest here no good cheare.

Well, wyfe, he sayd, thou doste me compell
 To doe that thing that I were loath :
 If I bereaue Morell of his old fell,
 Thou shalte repente it by the fayth now goath :
 For I see well that it will no better be,
 But in it thou must, after the new guyse.
 It had bene better, so mote I thee,
 That thou haddest not begon this enterpryse.

*How the good man caused Morell to be flayn, and the hide
 salted, to lay his wife therein to sleepe.*

Now will I begin my wife to tame,
 That all the world shall it know ;
 I would be loth her for to shame,
 Though she do not care, ye may me trow.

Yet will I her honesty regard,
 And it preserue, where euer ye may,
 But Morell, that is in yonder yarde,
 His hyde therefore he must leese in fay.

And so he commaunded anon
 To slea old Morell, his great horse ;
 And flea him then the skin from the bone,
 To wrap it about his wiues white coarse.
 Also he commaunded of a byrchen tree
 Roddes to be made a good great heape ;
 And sweare by deare God in Trinity,
 His wife in his seller shold skip and leape.

The hyde must be salted, then he sayd eake,
 Bycause I would not haue it stinke ;
 I hope herewith she will be meeke,
 For this I trow will make her shrinke,
 And bow at my pleasure, when I her bed,
 And obay my commaundementes both lowde and
 still ;
 Or else I will make her body bleede,
 And with sharp rodde beate her my fill.

Anon with that to her he gan to call ;
 She bid abide in the diuelles name ;
 I will not come what so befall :
 Sit still with sorrow and mickle shame.
 Thou shalte not rule me as pleseth thee,
 I will well thou know by Gods deare Mother,
 But thou shalt be ruled alway by me,
 And I will be mayster, and none other.

Wilde thou be mayster, deare wife ? in fay,
 Then must we wrestle for the best game ;

If thou it win, then may I say,
 That I haue done my selfe greate shame.
 But fyrst I will make thee sweate, good Jone,
 Redde blood euen to the heeles adowne,
 And lappe thee in Morels skin alone,
 That the blood shall be seene euen from the crowne.

Sayest thou me that, thou wretched knaue ?
 It were better thou haddest me neuer seene ;
 I sweare to thee, so God me saue,
 With my nayles I will scratch out both thine eyen,
 And therefore thinke not to touch me once,
 For, by the masse, if thou begin that,
 Thou shalte be handled for the nonce,
 That all thy braynes on the ground shall squat.

Why then there is no remedy, I see,
 But needes I must doe euen as I thought,
 Seing it will none other wise be,
 I will thee not spare, by God that me bought ;
 For now I am set thee for to charme,
 And make thee meeke, by Gods might,
 Or else with rodde, while thou arte warme,
 I shall thee scourge with reason and right.

*Now, good Morels skin,
 Receiue my curst wife in.*

*How the curst wife in Morels skin lay,
 Because she would not her husband obey.*

Now will I my sweete wife trim,
 According as she deserueth to me :
 I sweare by God, and by saynt Sim,
 With byrchen rodde well beate shall she be,

And after that in Morels salte skin
I will her lay, and full faste binde,
That all her friendes, and eake her kyn,
Shall her long seeke or they her fynde.

Then he her met, and to her gan say,
How sayest thou, wife, wylte thou be mayster yet ?
She sware by Gods body, and by that day,
And sodaynly with her fyst she did him hit,
And defyed him, dreuill, at euery worde,
Saying, precious horesone, what doest thou thinke
I set not by thee a stinking torde,
Thou shalt get of me neyther meate nor drinke.

Sayest thou me that wyfe ? quoth he than.
With that in his armes he gan her catche,
Streight to the seller with her he ran,
And fastened the dore with locke and latche,
And threwe the key downe him besyde,
Askyng her than if she would obay ?
Than she sayde nay, for all thy pryde,
But she was mayster, and would abyde alway.

Then, quoth he, we must make a fraye :
And with that her cloths he gan to teare,
Out vpon thee, horesone ! than she did saye,
Wylte thou robbe me of all my geare ?
It cost thee naught, thou arrant theefe :
And quickly she gat hym by the heade ;
With that she sayde, God giue thee a mischiefe,
And them that fed thee fyrst with breade.

They wrestled togyther thus they two,
So long that the clothes asunder went,
And to the grounde he threwe her tho,
That cleane from the backe her smock he rent.

In euery hand a rod he gate,
 And layd vpon her a right good pace ;
 Asking of her what game was that ?
 And she cryed out, horeson, alas ! alas !

What wylte thou doe ? wylte thou kill me ?
 I haue made thee a man of nought :
 Thou shalte repente it, by Gods pittie,
 That euer this deede thou haste y wrought.
 I care not for that, dame, he did say,
 Thou shalt giue ouer or we departe
 The maystership all, or all this day
 I will not cease to make thee smarte.

Euer he layde on, and euer she did crye,
 Alas ! alas ! that euer I was borne !
 Out vpon thee, murderer, I thee defye,
 Thou hast my white skin, and my body all to torne :
 Leaue of betyme, I counsaile thee.
 Nay, by God, dame, I saye not so yet,
 I sweare to thee, by Mary so free,
 We begyn but now : this is the first fyt.

Once agayne we must daunce about,
 And then thou shalt reast in Morels skyn.
 He gaue her than so many a great cloute,
 That on the grounde the bloud was seene.
 Within a whyle, he cryed, newe roddes, newe !
 With that she cryed full lowde alas !
 Daunce yet about, dame, thou came not where it grewe,
 And sodainely with that in a sowne she was.

He spyed that, and vp he her hente,
 And wrang her harde then by the nose :
 With her to Morels skin straight he wente,
 And therein full fast he did her close.

Within a while she did reuiue,
Through the grose salte that did her smarte :
She thought she should neuer haue gone on liue
Out of Morels skin, so sore is her harte.

When she did spy that therein she lay,
Out of her wit she was full nye,
And to her husband then did she say,
How canst thou doe this vilany ?
Nay, how sayest thou ? thou cursed wife,
In this foule skin I will thee keepe
During the time of all thy life,
Therein for euer to wayle and weepe.

With that her moode began to sinke,
And sayd, deare husband, for grace I call ;
For I shall neuer sleepe nor winke
Till I get your loue, whatso befall :
And I will neuer to you offend,
In no maner of wise, of all my lyue ;
Nor to doe nothing that may pretend
To displease you with my wittes fyue.

For Father, nor Mother, whatsoeuer they say,
I will not anger you, by God in throne,
But glad will your commaundementes obey,
In presence of people, and eake alone.—
Well, on that condicion thou shalt haue
Grace, and fayre bed to reste thy body in ;
But if thou rage more, so God me saue,
I will wrap thee agayne in Morels skin.

Then he tooke her out in his armes twayne,
And beheld her so pitteously with blood arayed :
How thinkest thou, wife, shall we agayne
Haue such businesse more ? to her he sayd.

She answered nay, my husband deare,
 Whyle I you know, and you know me,
 Your commaundementes I will, both far and neare,
 Fulfill alway in euery degree.

Well then, I promise thee, by God, euen now,
 Betweene thee and mee shall neuer be strife ;
 If thou to my commaundementes quickly bow,
 I will the[e] cherish all the dayes of my life.
 In bed she was layde, and healed full soone,
 As fayre and cleare as she was before;
 What he her bid was quickly done,
 To be diligent y wys she tooke no scorne.

Then was he glad, and thought in his minde,
 Now haue I done my selfe great good,
 And her also, we shall it finde,
 Though I haue shed parte of her blood
 For as me thinke she will be meeke,
 Therefore I will her father and mother
 Byd to guest now the next weeke,
 And of our neighbours many other.

*Howe the good man did byd her Father and Mother to guest,
 and many of his neyghbours, that they might see his wiues
 pacyence.*

Great payne he made his wife to take,
 Agaynst the day that they should come ;
 Of them was none that there did lack,
 I dare wel say vnto my doome.
 Ye, father and mother, and neighbours all,
 Dyd thether come to make good cheare :
 Soone they were set in generall,
 The wyfe was dilligent as did appeare.

Father and mother was welcome then,
 And so were they all, in good fay :
 The husband sate there like a man,
 The wyfe did serue them all that day ;
 The good man commaunded what he would haue,
 The wyfe was quick at hand.
 What now ! thought the mother, this arrant knaue
 Is mayster as I vnderstand.

What may this meane, then she gan thinke,
 That my daughter so dilligent is ?
 Now can I nother eate nor drinke,
 Till I it know, by heauen blisse.
 When her daughter came agayne
 To serue at the borde, as her husband bad,
 The mother stared with her eyen twayne,
 Euen as one that had ben mad.

All the folke that at the boord sate,
 Did her behold then euerichone ;
 The mother from the boord her gate,
 Following her daughter, and that anone,
 And in the kitching she her fand,
 Saying vnto her in this wise :
 Daughter, thou shalte well vnderstand,
 I did not teach thee after this guyse.

A, good mother ! ye say full well,
 All thinges with me is not as ye weene :
 If ye had bene in Morels fell
 As well as I, it should be seene.
 In Morels fell ! what deuill is that ?
 Mary, mother, I will it you show ;
 But beware that you come not thereat,
 Lest you your selfe then doe beshrew.

Come downe now in this seller so deepe,
 And Morels skin there shall you see,
 With many a rod that hath made me to weepe,
 When the blood ranne downe fast by my knee.
 The mother this beheld, and cryed out alas !
 And ran out of the seller as she had bene wood ;
 She came to the table where the company was,
 And sayd, out, horeson ! I will see thy harte blood.

Peace, good mother ! or so haue I blisse,
 Ye must daunce else as did my wyfe,
 And in Morels skin lye, that well salted is,
 Which you should repent all the dayes of your lyfe.
 All they that were there held with the yong man,
 And sayd, he dyd well in euery maner degree :
 Whan dynner was done, they departed all than,
 The mother no lenger durst there be.

The Father abode last, and was full glad,
 And gaue his children his blessyng ywys,
 Saying, the yong man full well done had,
 And merely departed wythouten mys.
 This yong man was glad ye may be sure,
 That he had brought hys wyfe to this.
 God gyue vs all grace in rest to indure,
 And hereafter to come vnto his blisse.

Thus was Morell flayne out of his skin,
 To charme a shrew, so haue I blisse.
 Forgeue the yongman, if he did sin,
 But I thinke he did nothing amisse :
 He did all thing euen for the best,
 As was well prooued then.
 God saue our wiues from Morels nest,
 I pray you say all, amen.

Thus endeth the iest of Morels skin,
Where the curst wife was lapped in ;
Because she was of a shrewde leere,
Thus was she serued in this maner.

FINIS, QUOTH MAYSTER CHARME HER.

Imprinted at London in Fleetestreete, beneath the
Conduite, at the signe of S. Iohn Euangelist, by Hugh
Iackson.

*He that can charme a shrewde wyfe
Better then thus,
Let him come to me, and fetch ten pound,
And a golden purse.*

FREDERICK SHOBERL, JUNIOR,
PRINTER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT,
51, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET, LONDON.

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